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CHILDREN
OF
OTHER LANDS
BY
SARA WOOD

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GILDEN

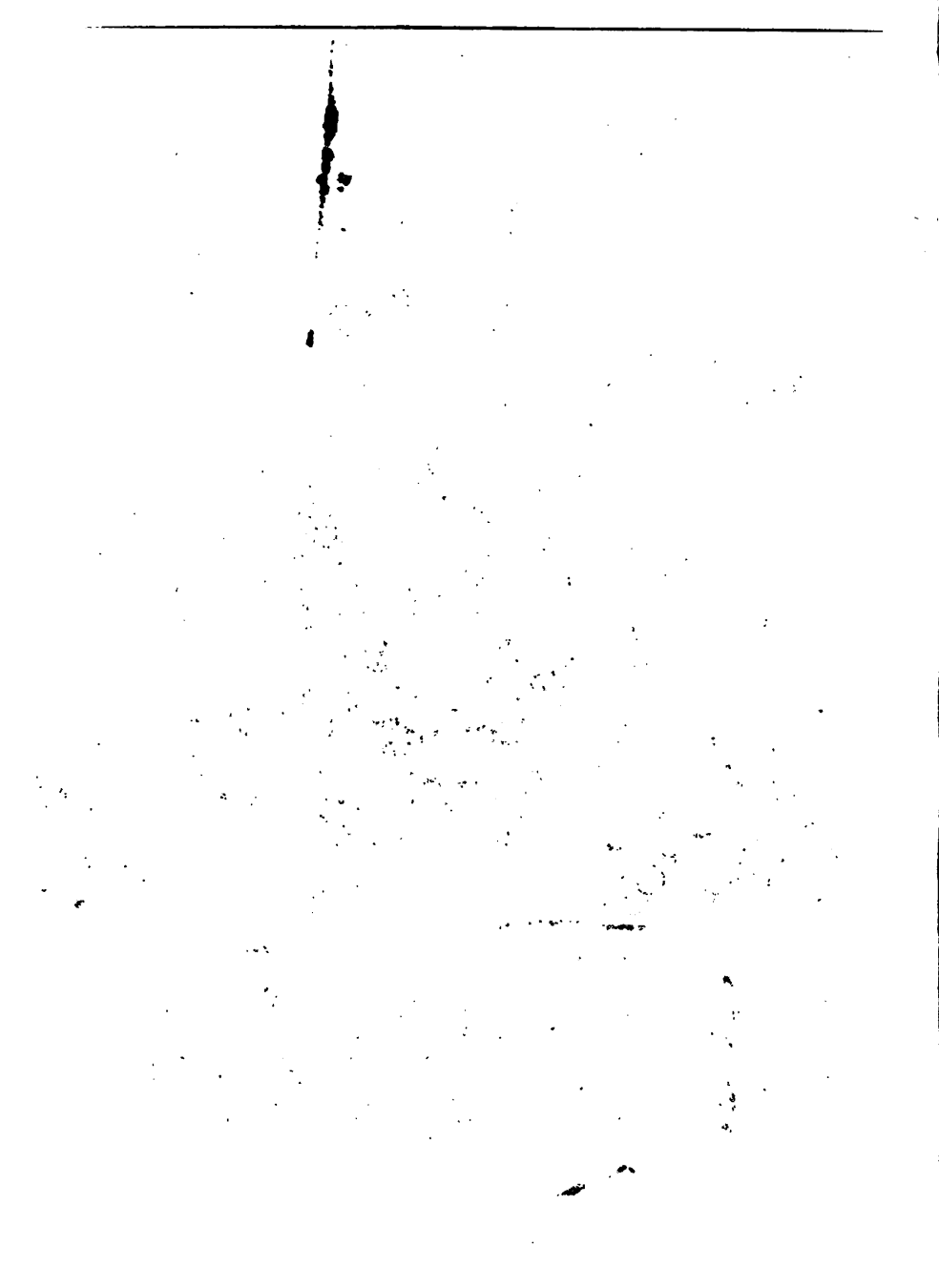
OTHER LANDS:

SOME PLAY-TIME TALES

FOR CHILDREN OF ENGLAND.

BY SARA WOOD,

LONDON
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, 5, P. R.



CHILDREN

OF

OTHER LANDS:

SOME PLAY-TIME TALES

FOR CHILDREN OF ENGLAND.

BY SARA WOOD,

"Author of "The Amyotts' Home," "Older and Wiser," Etc., Etc.

'Ländlich—sittlich.'

"As the land—so the ways."—GERMAN PROVERB.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

ENGLISH Children who read these little tales during their play-hours may find it *amuse* them to be told of the different ways and doings of children in other countries, and it may *interest* them to find how many of their thoughts and feelings are like their own;—while it may also *teach* them something to see that every child—whether dwelling amid mountains and valleys—on desert plains, or in crowded cities, is made happy by Love and Goodness, and the Joys of Home.

S. W.

December, 1859.

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FRIDOLIN AND BABELI.

A SWISS TALE.

In one of the beautiful valleys of Switzerland, which lie among the snow-covered Alps, stood the cottage of a poor herdsman, named Ruprecht, whose chief wealth consisted of a few cows and goats, a few acres of land, and a small plot of garden-ground,

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in which grew a few vegetables and fruit trees. He had no children of his own, but he had taken to live with him, two orphans, the children of relatives who had died so poor that they had not been able to leave any provision for their support. Babeli, however, was a stout girl of ten years old when she went to live with Ruprecht; and, as he had lost his wife, she was able to begin from the very first to take upon her the management of his little household; and even Fridolin, her little brother, who was some years younger, could soon do many things to make himself useful; so that, although they were very grateful to Ruprecht for giving them a home, they never felt themselves a burthen to him; and as years passed over, and they grew older and stronger, they were able to assist him more and more.

It was Babeli who kept the cottage so nice and clean, who lighted the stove and cooked all Ruprecht's meals, who milked his cows and goats, and made the milk into butter and cheese, and who at other times mended his clothes and knitted his stockings. Babeli never thought of being idle a minute; nor was Fridolin ever idle. He fetched water for Babeli, and carried her pails. He took the cows to water at the stream which ran through the valley, and fetched them fodder. He went up into the pine woods on the mountain side, to pick up sticks and bring them home in great faggots on his back, or he weeded and dug in the little garden.

Most English children may know very well what

Ruprecht's cottage was like, when we say that it was just such a one as they have seen little models of, brought by travellers from Switzerland, and which are generally called Swiss châlets.* It had the same sloping roof of wood, which, projecting far from the walls, formed a shelter to a kind of gallery or balcony which went round the house, and had a flight of steps down to the ground outside. All the dwelling-rooms of the house opened into this balcony, while what may be called the ground-floor, was given up to the cows and dairy. The only difference between the look of the real cottage and the toy model was, that it was all of dark stained wood, whilst about it were a few more signs of life; such as Babeli in the gallery hanging some things to dry on the rails, or standing at the door knitting, and talking to Fridolin down below, with a pail of milk or water on his head, or to Ruprecht with a truss of straw or hay on his back, while the cows stood about; here, and there, and everywhere.

The cows lived in their stalls all the winter, munching hay and beet-root, and for a few weeks in spring were turned out into little paddocks that were Ruprecht's in the valley; but when summer came, Ruprecht, like the other herdsmen of the valley, went off with his cows up to the pastures which lay high up on the mountains, and there he remained for the summer months, never once coming

* These cottages, however, are not called *châlets* in Switzerland; the real *châlet*, as we shall presently see, being a very different kind of thing.

down again; and busy all the while, making cheese with the milk that his cows yielded, and living all the time in a little hut—a real *châlet*—just large enough to hold his tubs and pans for his cheese-making, and for a fire lighted on the ground, from which the smoke went out through a hole in the roof. It was the great event of the year when the herdsmen of the valley, and all the cows, went up to the mountain pastures, and it needed a great deal of preparation beforehand, to get together all that was wanted for the summer cheese-making. Besides getting all the vessels in good order, Babeli had to salt a supply of meat for Ruprecht, and bake a coarse kind of bread, of which he took up as much as he could, to last him for awhile; but afterwards he lived almost entirely on milk and the cheese he made. Whilst Ruprecht was away Babeli and Fridolin had little else than the milk of the goats, and the vegetables, and fruit of the little garden for their own support, except what money they contrived to earn for themselves. But they got on very well together, and liked very much these months that they spent alone in the cottage.

It is nothing to say that Fridolin was as happy as the day was long; for shut in as that valley was by very high mountains, even in summer the sun rose later and set sooner behind them than in other places, and so made the day very short. If you had asked Fridolin why he was so happy, he would have said it was because he had Babeli

for a sister, or because Ruprecht let them live with him, or because "our valley" was such a beautiful place. Fridolin always called it "our valley;" and he was sure that there could not be any valley in the world which was half so grand and fine, or had so many things to boast of. Could they not see the snow-white peak of the "Jungfrau"* from every part of it; and were not its *glaciers* so celebrated, that people from all parts of the world—from France, England, and America—came to see them? And the streams which ran through the valley never overflowed their banks in autumn, as they did in many other valleys, carrying away cattle, and cottages, and people, and doing much mischief; and then the cows of the valley were so fine, Ruprecht's especially; and what two beautiful calves they had reared that year, which he himself had tended from their birth! In this way Fridolin would talk to Babeli, as he was chopping wood for the stove, and she stood by knitting; but at times, when he was with other people, and got into a talkative mood, it would be about Babeli that he had most to say. "Babl'," as he called her, was so very kind and good. He was sure there could not be a better sister; and she was so useful, too, to Ruprecht, and so good-natured when Ruprecht was cross, or he himself troublesome. And then, did they not think that Babl' was very pretty—prettier than almost any girl in the valley? and if those he talked to did not quite think this,

* Or "Maiden," one of the highest mountains of Switzerland.

it made no matter to Fridolin, for he went on to say that *he* thought so, and that when Babl' should go next summer to the fête at Meyringen, he was sure there would not be a prettier girl there.

The valley which Fridolin called "our valley," lay, as we have said, among high mountains, and the tops of these were always covered with snow, both winter and summer. It never melted away upon those high peaks, even though the sun shone upon them till they glistened like silver, and were too dazzling to look at at mid-day; while at sunrise and sunset they would be tinged with so rosy a light that they seemed on fire. There was melting going on, however, up there, for the ice which lays among those mountains, and fills up the hollows between them, all comes from the melting of the snows on the highest peaks, and which, freezing again, make those great masses of ice which are called *glaciers*. And the glaciers, like frozen torrents, sometimes come down between two mountains, filling up the great gorge between them, till they reach the very valley, and end with a great steep cliff of ice, which you may touch with one hand whilst you gather with the other a delicate valley flower. In Fridolin's valley were two such glaciers, and from beneath them gushed out the little streams which watered the valley; and though Fridolin had seen these glaciers ever since he could remember anything, and did not find it so strange to see ice and snow in summer time, yet he knew that they

were wonderful, because so many people came from afar to see them.

The cottage of Ruprecht stood by the side of the sort of pathway that led to the foot of one of the glaciers, and when the regular guide was not at liberty, he went sometimes with parties of travellers to show them the way. He enjoyed seeing how surprised they always looked at the sight of the great mass of ice, and how delighted they were to get into one of the hollows in the steep wall it formed, which, when you are in them, seem like caverns of pale green crystal. And he would make them observe that the little stream that gushed out from beneath the ice, was the same that they had crossed over at the bridge in the middle of the valley; and would tell them how that very stream flowed on, he had heard say, till it reached the River Aar, and the Aar poured its waters into the Rhine, and the Rhine fell into the sea.

Then Fridolin would pause in his talk to make the travellers listen to a loud thundering noise that was to be heard, and which he told them was the falling of an Avalanche—or in other words, that a great mass of snow was rolling down the mountains somewhere not very far off. Sometimes the travellers were not content with seeing just this lower end of the glacier, but would venture to scramble upon its rugged surface, and climb upwards and make their way to where it lay among the mountains like a great "sea of ice," as it is sometimes called.

On such occasions Fridolin would only go with them to help the real guide to carry things that the travellers took with them; but if it happened that the guide could not make all the party hear his stories, Fridolin was always ready to repeat them. He liked nothing better than to tell of how a traveller had once been lost down one of the great cracks in the ice, and never heard of more; how another had been drawn up out of the great ice-chasm he had fallen into, by means of ropes; and, more strange than all, how a guide who had fallen into one of these great fissures, had found himself in a sort of ice cavern, and had followed its windings until he escaped out at the lower end of the glacier. Helping the guide on these occasions, and being active and obliging to travellers, usually gained for Fridolin two or three small pieces of money, which he took home and carefully saved up, provided Babeli did not happen to want them for the house: for Fridolin was a great saver, and for this reason,—that he saw how Babeli always spent all the money she earned in food, or in some article of clothing that he or Ruprecht wanted; and he felt that if ever Babeli was to have, the same sort of things in dress that all the other girls in the valley had, they must be bought with money that he earned and saved.

Besides shewing off the glacier to travellers, Fridolin often accompanied parties of them who went over the mountain pass at the end of the valley, which led to another valley; and he knew

the way so well, that he could be trusted to lead a mule on which some timorous lady sat, while he carried at his back all kinds of bags, and baskets, and knapsacks, belonging to the party. At such times, when he found any one who could understand the strange sort of German which he spoke, he would talk all the way he went, so that the lady traveller, by the time she had got over the mountain pass, knew as much about Ruprecht and Babeli as he did himself. And when asked to sing he would burst out into one of the many songs peculiar to Switzerland, which are sung by herdsmen when they assemble their cows, called the "*Ranz des Vaches*," or "*Küh-reihen*," in which, at the end of each verse, the voice makes a sort of accompaniment, like the tone of a pipe, which is called *jodling*. Fridolin could *jodle* famously, and when the deeper voices of the other guides joined him, it made beautiful music to the traveller's ear, up there in the pure air of the mountain, as they all plodded along; and the sweet sounds helped to shorten greatly the difficult and toilsome path.

It was once in the middle of summer, when Ruprecht was up with the cows at the mountain pastures, that Babeli thought she might venture to send Fridolin up to him with some fresh bread and a basket of eggs, which she knew would be particularly acceptable to Ruprecht, after being so many weeks without tasting anything but milk and cheese. Fridolin was to start early one morning with the first rays of the sun, that peeped over the snowy

ridge to the east. It would be a long day's journey there and back, Babeli said, but part of the way was by the mountain pass which Fridolin knew so well; and she hoped he might fall in with a party of travellers going over it into the neighbouring valley, and so have company and protection. She promised in case he should not be home before dark, to keep a light burning at the window, which he would be able to see at a great distance; and she begged him to be very careful at the part of the road where avalanches so often fall. "Now don't sing or whistle, Fridl'," said she, "when you go by that part, for you know even that will sometimes move the air and shake down a mass of snow. And don't stay too long up at the châlet, for fear a storm should come on, or that you should lose your way in a mist after nightfall." Then she gave him a thousand charges about the bread: how he was to eat only the half loaf she gave him for his own dinner, with some milk that Ruprecht would give him; and to be sure not to break the eggs, but to set them down as gently as possible when he wanted to rest. Fridolin promised to obey all these instructions, and then taking a good stout stick, he slung upon it first the bag of bread, so that it might rest upon his back, and then the basket of eggs, which, fastened to the end of the stick, would be safe from jolts or knocks.

The mists lay thick in the valley, and there were only a few streaks of red over the eastern

mountains, which showed where the sun would rise, when Fridolin started on his journey, bidding good-bye to Babeli as she stood in the balcony to see him off. He had many meadows to cross first of all, and only when he entered the pine wood which lay at the foot of the mountains did the path begin to ascend. But the dark shade of the wood was soon exchanged for broad day on the mountain side; and the great ball of the sun was by that time risen up from behind the high ridge above him, and the mists were rolling away. He looked back to admire the rosy light that was now tinging the snowy peaks to the west; and after awhile could distinguish Ruprecht's cottage in the valley, with its wreath of blue smoke curling up from the chimney. "Ah!" said he, "now I know that Babl' is lighting the fire in the stove, to boil the water for scalding the milk-pails, and while it boils she will sit and knit;—Oh, no, I forgot,—she will be feeding the calves and goats. What a long day she will have all alone, for I shall certainly not be back till night-fall; and if Babl' should begin to scold at my being so late, I shall give her a bunch of the Alpine rose which I mean to find, and tell her all about Ruprecht and the cows, and then she will forget to be angry." Then Fridolin in the merriment of his heart sang out loudly in the morning air his favourite "Call of the Cows," and at the end of each verse he *jodled* his "yo-e-ho! yo-e-ho!" and the mountains echoed it back again, as if other voices were joining in

chorus. But there was no one up there to sing with him, or even to hear him,—unless it were a young chamois, who stood poised for an instant on a pinnacle of rock, his head thrown up, and his eyes glancing round to see who was coming, and who then bounded away across to some neighbouring peak, or down some deep and dangerous ravine, where Fridolin could not follow him even with his eyes.

The sun was already high above the mountains before Fridolin reached the little hut or *châlet* where Ruprecht was busy with his cheese-making, and where, on all the heights around, the cattle were grazing on the fine short grass which clothed the mountains beneath where they began to be covered with snow. Ruprecht was glad to see him, and pleased to get his eggs and fresh bread, and to hear all that Fridolin could tell him of what was going on at home. The other herdsmen, too, who lived in the same valley, came around him eager to make inquiries about what was going on in their cottages, and Fridolin had messages to give them from their wives and families. Then he had to see all the cheese they had made, and their stock of curd for making more, and to hear from them many tales about the terrible storms they had had up there that summer; storms of thunder and lightning, hail and snow: and the sad history of a cow killed by lightning, and of another buried in the snow of an avalanche, so that they had to dig her out. Fridolin could not see all

Ruprecht's cows till they were summoned together for the afternoon's milking; so he waited till then, when the herdsmen, blowing loud blasts upon their long horns, the cows came crowding up from all the green slopes around them, eager to be relieved of their milk—the cow of each herd who bore a bell leading the way, and the others submissively following. There, for instance, were to be seen all the cows of Ruprecht's little herd following old Lisi, who always bore the bell and led the rest: the dun, the brindled, the red, the black cow—ah! how well did Fridolin know them all! And he helped to milk them, and lingered talking to them, and patting them, long after Ruprecht had warned him that he ought to be setting off to return home.

But he started at last, bearing many a message from the herdsmen to their friends in the valley; and with his basket and wallet now empty, and the road descending all the way home, he did not doubt that he would soon be there. He had not gone far before he fell in with a party of travellers, who were crossing over the mountain pass, and intended to spend the night at the inn in Fridolin's valley. Some were on mules, and some of them walked, and of these there were two or three who were glad to be relieved of things which they carried, when Fridolin came up and offered his services. One gentleman gave him his telescope to carry, another filled his empty basket with stones that he had been collecting, and a young lady who rode a

mule, gladly gave him her parasol to take care of, which she no longer wanted, now that the sun was setting. Fridolin was of use to the party too in another way, as they journeyed down the mountain. The sky became suddenly overcast, and a cold wind arose, driving before it a heavy black cloud, which, when it reached them, brought thick snow, blinding their eyes, and preventing them from seeing their way. That way was a rocky footpath, on one side of which the mountain descended in a steep precipice, that turned the head giddy to look down; and as they hurried along, even the sure-footed mules would now and then slip and stumble over the great slabs of stone that formed part of the path. The storm increased, and the snow came thicker and thicker, and drifted in such high ridges, that the walkers sank into them up to their knees, and they feared to be quite overwhelmed. Then Fridolin pointed out to the guide a little ruined *châlet*, that he had observed as he passed that morning, and this being but a few yards out of their road, and under the shelter of a rock, they all hurried to it, and the whole party crowding into the miserable little hut, they felt that even the few beams and rafters that still held together, would save them from the violence of the storm. Its walls were all blackened with the fires that had burned in it a preceding summer, and it contained nothing but a little straw and the dried moss which had been a herdsman's bed. Of this straw, however, and the remains of its broken door, Fridolin and the guide contrived

to make a fire, and the tired and half-frozen young lady of the party was thankful to lie near it on the bed of moss, and get rested and warmed. In less than half an hour the storm had passed off as quickly as it came on. The sky was again of a deep blue above their heads, and the sunshine burst out bright and glowing. Then the party all started again on their downward journey, the snow lying however so thick upon their path, that it was difficult to get on. The mule which the young lady rode stumbled so frequently, that Fridolin could quiet her fears only by walking close to its head while he held its bridle. The delay of the storm, and the difficulty of getting down the steep and snow-covered path, made it thus very late before they left the mountain side. The mists of twilight gathered around them, and the last red streaks of the setting sun fading suddenly away, it became dark enough to make the stars their guide, until one by one the cottages in the valley began to show their twinkling lights.

"That's Babl's candle out there to the left," exclaimed Fridolin. "That's our Babeli's light I know."

And the young lady to whom he pointed it out, as she paused for a moment on her mule, knew well by that time who Babeli was, and knew, too, that the bunch of "Alpine rose," or dwarf rhododendron, which Fridolin had stuck in his hat, was for her.

At the foot of the mountain the path divided,

and that which led to Fridolin's home turning off from the one which led to the village inn, he gave up all the things which he carried, and got thanks and money in return, for he was now no longer wanted. It was then that one of the travellers, the father of the young lady, discovered that he had had a loss. A pocket-book, which had been in the pocket of his great coat, and which he had carried over his arm part of the way, was gone. It was too late to go back; and as the snow might have covered it, there was little chance that they should find it, even if they did so. The guide, however, promised to look for it the next time he went over the pass, and so did Fridolin; and whoever should find it was to keep it safely for the traveller, who said he should certainly come again to the valley the next summer.

When all this was settled, Fridolin bade them good night, and hastened across the valley, home to Babeli, who was almost tired of watching and waiting for him, and had begun to fear that he was lost in the storm which she had observed to have gathered on the mountains that afternoon. When she saw Fridolin, however, come skipping in so merry and well, with such a good account of his journey to give, and such pleasant tales to tell of all the adventures he had had with the party of travellers—to say nothing of the handful of *batzen** he had got to add to his savings—she said she thought she should always be more trustful

* A small coin of Switzerland.

in future, and not get such dreadful things into her head as she had done that day about storms and avalanches.

Not many weeks after this Ruprecht and the cows came down from the mountain again, with a fine stock of cheeses that he had made up at the châlet. Fridolin went up there again, to assist in bringing them down, together with all the utensils that had been used. As the guide had never found the traveller's pocket-book, Fridolin went out of his way a little to look for it in the little ruined châlet where they had all taken shelter during the snow-storm; and there, among the dried moss and fern on which the young lady had lain, he found the brown leather pocket-book, which had no doubt fallen out of the coat which her father, as Fridolin well remembered, had spread over her to keep her warm. Fridolin was overjoyed to be the finder of it, and thought with what pleasure he should see the kind gentleman and his pretty daughter again the next summer; and promised himself that he would indeed take good care of it till that time. He took it home and shewed it to Babeli with great delight, and told her where he meant to keep it;—behind a certain rafter that was at the head of his bed, where the roof sloped up over it. Nowhere could it be safer, and it was there, too, that he always kept his bag of savings. Babeli and he opened the book that they might dry its contents at the stove, for it had got wet with some melted snow which had fallen on it through the

openings in the wall of the hut. It was full of papers: some that looked like paper money, and others that were covered with figures and strange marks and lines, which Fridolin thought must be the measurements that the gentleman had been taking of the heights of the mountains, and the weight of the air. He seemed, as Fridolin said, to be a very learned gentleman, and no wonder that they should find from the writing in the book that he was called a *Doctor*, and lived at Berne; for Babeli knew that many learned people lived in that city.

When the summer was quite past, fewer and fewer travellers came to the valley; and as autumn also drew to a close, Babeli was very busy making preparations for winter. She and Fridolin cut up and salted all the cabbages that grew in their little garden, and shredded the beans too, and packed them into barrels with layers of salt, and she laid in her stock of yarn for winter knitting; whilst Fridolin and Ruprecht were for a long time busy getting in their winter stock of fire-wood. The days grew shorter and shorter, and it became so cold that the stove was obliged to be kept constantly lighted, and the cows never left their stalls. Winter set in with great severity. The clouds hung heavy over the mountains, and even in the valley the snow lay thick upon the ground. Then during the long evenings, whilst Ruprecht slept by the side of the stove, and Babeli knitted, Fridolin pursued his most favourite occupation, which like that of

many inhabitants of the Swiss valleys, was carving in wood,—cutting toys and figures out of the wood of the birch, and such other trees as were white and close-grained. Fridolin was looked upon as a very skilful carver for his age, and his winter carvings began now to fetch a good price, when he sold them in the spring to the people who came about to the different cottages to collect them for sale in the towns. He could carve cows especially very cleverly, and goats, and chamois, and even began to make likenesses of Ruprecht and Babeli in figures of not more than three inches high. Ruprecht, with all his cheese-making utensils on his back, as he came down from the châlet, or Babeli with her milk-pails; but there was nothing he liked to carve so much as the graceful chamois, and his eye was quick in imitating all their postures and movements. For hours together would Fridolin sit chipping and cutting by Babeli's side, and as he carved would he always talk—

"Look Babl'! only just see what a beautiful bit of wood this is. There is not a single stain or streak of colour in it, and the grain is so close and fine. I mean to make something very pretty with this." And then after a little chipping and cutting, "Now Babl', can you guess what this is to be? A goat? No!—a chamois. Don't you see? Here will be the head, and there the back, and this part the rock on which he stands. I mean it to be as like a real chamois as I can make it, and I shall get a bit of real horn for its horns, and

make its eyes black and shining, and arch its neck, and put its four feet close together, just as they stand on a little point of rock. How much do you think they will give me for him when he is finished, Babl'? I want to make a great deal of money by my carvings next spring.—I know what for."

"To buy a new jacket, I hope, Fridl' you want one sadly."

"No, not for a jacket," said Fridolin, looking very mysterious.

"Well then a new hat; it is quite time you had a new hat, Fridl', for Sundays and fête-days."

"Ah! but I don't care about a new hat yet, but I'm not going to tell you, Babl', what it is I mean to buy; so don't you try to find out. I mean to save up every *batz* I can, till I have got enough in time for the fête next summer at Meyringen. I know you mean to go to the fête next summer, Babl', for I heard you say so, and all the girls will wear their gold ear-rings, and—there now! I have told you, Babl', after all what I mean to buy with my savings."

Babeli shook her head. She advised Fridolin to think of no such thing as buying ear-rings for her, as she could do without them very well, and he wanted so many other things himself, now that he was getting such a great boy.

But Fridolin also shook his head, and did not mean to be put off his long-planned intention. He only cut and chipped the more eagerly;—now

rounding out the chamois' back, and then shaping out gradually the neck and head, and working most carefully at the legs, so as to leave them slender, and yet firm and gracefully poised. His chamois turned out at last a great beauty, and altogether much more finished and well formed than any he had made the preceding year. Fridolin was anxious to improve in his carving, for he knew that the men who collect these wood carvings at the cottages, to take to sell again in the towns and great hôtels, where travellers see and buy them, are ready to give much more money for those which are skilfully carved and like nature, than the little rough things cut by children and unpractised hands. And when the winter came to a close, Fridolin had a fine stock of chamois, and goats, and cows, and Babelis, and Ruprechts, that he hoped to sell them for quite enough to buy the golden ear-rings with, and moreover that he should be able to get them ready in time for the fête at Meyringen. All that spring he kept this purpose in his mind, but as the fête did not take place till summer-time, he was not in a hurry to dispose of his carvings, but waited until a good occasion offered for selling them.

Spring was a happy and beautiful time in Fridolin's valley. The snow melted suddenly from off the low meadows, and left the grass which it had covered so long, of the brightest green; and thousands of wild flowers sprung up and opened out their delicate blossoms. The trees seemed only to

make a show of buds before they burst into leaf, and people had scarcely time to find out that spring had come, before summer was there too. Ruprecht had already begun to talk of the time for taking his cows up to the mountain pastures again, and Fridolin had that very morning looked at the gaily-coloured almanack, that hung upon the cottage wall, to see how many weeks there were before the midsummer fête at Meyringen; when there came one day a pedlar to the door, with a large case at his back, in which he had all sorts of trinkets that had been made at Basle and Geneva, and other towns in Switzerland, and which he was going over the mountains with to sell in Italy.

Now it so happened that Babeli was busy milking her cows, and Ruprecht was from home, so that there was no one but Fridolin to whom the pedlar could show his wares, and he had hardly got a glimpse of all the fine gold rings and brooches that the case contained, before he ran off and fetched all his best carvings, and offered them in exchange for a pair of gold ear-rings. There was a pair of exactly the size and shape that he wanted for Babeli, and moreover of the very same coloured gold as the little cross she wore round her neck, which had been her mother's. They were so exactly what he wanted, that Fridolin was ready to give all his carvings, and all his savings, for them without any bargaining, so anxious was he to make sure of them, and especially to get safe possession of them before Babeli had finished her milking, or she might

try to prevent him from buying them.

The pedlar shook his head, however, at what Fridolin offered. He had not room enough in his case, he said, for all the wood carvings, and should not perhaps find a sale for them in Italy, and Fridolin's savings in money were not nearly enough. Poor Fridolin was sadly disappointed. He could not make up his mind to let the pedlar shut up his pack again, as he was now about to do, and carry off the beautiful ear-rings, on which he had so set his heart. He begged him to wait for him only just two minutes, and then ran away into the house. He came back again almost in less time than the two minutes he begged for, breathless, and with his face all flushed with eagerness. He brought with him a piece of paper money, which he showed to the pedlar, and asked if that would not make his money enough for the ear-rings. The man looked at the paper attentively, and then said it would. He gave the golden ear-rings to Fridolin; put up the money in his leathern money-bag; packed up his case, and slinging it on his back, was gone and out of sight, round a turn in the road, all before Babeli had come from the back of the house, with her pails of milk.

Fridolin waited until nearer the time of the fête at Meyringen, before he gave to Babeli the beautiful gold ear-rings that he had bought for her. He kept them hid in his hiding-place over his bed, until he could not have patience to wait any longer, so much did he long to see Babeli's surprise and pleasure.

And she was indeed very surprised and pleased with them, and did not scold Fridolin so very much for having spent all his money upon them. She could not help thinking with pleasure of being able to wear ear-rings like all the other girls on the day of the fête, and of the pride she should have in telling them all that Fridl' had bought them for her. Only "Fridl', dear, how could you ever have contrived to save enough for such a beautiful pair? Or was it that your chamois and cows have fetched such a good price?"

Babeli was to know nothing about it, Fridolin said; and he stopped her questions by making her put on her ear-rings, and then look at herself in the little looking-glass that hung between the windows.

And when the long-looked-for day came, Babeli went with a number of the young people of the valley over the mountains to the fête at Meyringen. She wore her ear-rings and her golden cross, and her little black boddice fitted nicely to her figure, and was gaily embroidered with silver and coloured beads upon the stomacher. Her glossy hair was plaited into two long tresses, which hung down behind, while a little cap of black lace stood out like wings on each side of her head. Others besides Fridolin thought that there was no prettier or more good-tempered looking girl than Babeli in all the gay crowd of young people that joined in the sports and dances at Meyringen. But Fridolin was not there to see her. Ruprecht was at that time up at the

châlet with the cows, and Fridolin was obliged to stay at home to take care of the house.

Babeli and her young companions had started much before day-break for their long journey over the mountains, and would not be home till the moon lighted them over the pass back again.

Fridolin was not dull, however, that long summer day, thinking as he did so much of Babeli, and looking forward to her return, when he should have to hear so much of the doings at Meyringen, and find out that Babeli had been more sought for in the dances than any of the other young girls; and hear how this one and that one had admired her ear-rings, and envied her for having so good a brother. He knew he should hear all this from some one, even if Babeli did not tell it all to him.

Evening came. Sunset and twilight passed away. The stars came out, and the moon arose. Fridolin had at last become tired of watching and waiting, when he heard the distant voices of the party from the fête coming across the valley. The noise came nearer and nearer, and then the sound of voices grew less, for first one party, and then another parted from the others to go to their different homes. Fridolin stood out on the balcony watching for the first sight of Babeli; and at last she came. He knew her step in an instant as she came along; and as she passed now into the shadow of a tree, and now where the moonlight fell bright upon the path, he could get a glimpse of her well-known

figure. But how slowly she came along, and how tired she must be not to quicken her steps as she got so near home. Fridolin went down the flight of steps that led from the balcony to meet her.

Babeli passed her brother without a word or sign of recognition or greeting, and slowly and heavily mounted the steps, and entered the house. Fridolin followed her, saying all the time, "Why, Babl', how late you are!" and "How tired you must be!" and "Why don't you speak, Babl'?" exclaimed he at length, quite impatiently; but when he came to the cottage door, and saw Babeli sink on a seat, and cover her face with her hands, he stood still in terrible astonishment and alarm. Never in his life had he been so frightened.

"Oh, Fridl', Fridl'!" at last cried Babeli, bursting into tears, and wringing her hands, "What *have* you done, Fridl'? Oh, Fridl'! what could make you do such a thing? Never, oh never in all my life did I ever spend such a day as this." Then suddenly checking her lamentations, she unclasped with trembling hands the gold ear-rings out of her ears, and throwing them down on the table, she said, "Take them away, Fridl', and out of my sight, for never will I wear them again. They were bought with money not your own, Fridl',—you know they were, and I will have none of them. I have been punished enough already for wearing them, by hearing my brother—my own dear Fridl' —called a thief."

Fridolin—the once merry and light-hearted Fri-

dolin, stood struck with sorrow and dismay. He had nothing to say, so he did not speak. He saw, he knew now that Babeli said so, that he had indeed been a thief. Yes! he had taken money that was not his own, and that he had promised to take care of; and the pleasure of giving to Babeli those beautiful ear-rings was paid for with this terrible sorrow and sense of shame.

After a time, when Babeli saw how sorrow-stricken and filled with despair her brother was, as he stood before her pale, speechless, and motionless, her old feelings of love and kindness towards him returned. She felt such pity for his shame and sorrow, and when she remembered, too, that his fault had arisen from his great desire to give her pleasure, her heart could feel nothing towards him but love and compassion.

And yet she told him how wrong he had been to let himself be led into temptation. The very thing he prayed in his prayers against every night. She pointed out to him how certain such actions are of being sources of sorrow, and how God wills it, that wrong-doing should always come to light. She told him how people had been surprised at first to see her beautiful ear-rings, and how they had wondered at Fridolin having been able to buy them. Then how some one had hinted at his having found some traveller's money, and the history had come out of the pocket-book which he had found in the autumn of the past year, which had been made known by the guide, who was vexed at not having

found it himself. How the pedlar to whom he had given the piece of paper-money, had changed it before he left the valley, and told some one who had given it to him, so that it had got round how the ear-rings had been bought; and there had been whisperings about them, and pointings at them—and the day at Meyringen, that she had expected to be such a happy one—oh! how miserable a one it had been to her. Never, never should she forget it all as long as ever she lived, and never could she and Fridolin hold up their heads in the valley again for the rest of their lives!

Fridolin had been, as we have seen, a very happy boy all his life,—gay, light-hearted, and often merry, but if, instead, he had had a little sorrow every day of his previous life, it would not all put together make up the amount of grief that he felt now. From this time all seemed changed. He could think of nothing that gave him pleasure, and he could look at nothing that did not remind him of his shame. He shunned the sight of everybody, and even to see Babeli was not the joy and comfort it had always been to him, for her sorrowful face was for ever a reproach to him. At first he dreaded that each day might bring the traveller to the valley, to whom the pocket-book belonged; and then when he did not come, he began to fear that he would not come at all, and to think it would be better to have to give it to him, and confess that he had taken money from it, and so get punished, and taken to prison. He could no

longer venture to go with parties to the glacier, or over the pass with them to carry their things, for he did not know that others might not tell them that he was not to be trusted, so that he earned no money to replace what he had taken; and such of his wood carvings as he had left, he had no courage to offer to any one for sale.

At last his life became so miserable to him that he could bear it no longer. He determined to go to Berne, to take the pocket-book to its owner, if he could only find him out. He said he would confess to the gentleman all about the ear-rings, and ask him to take them instead of the money; or if he would not do this, he would give him such of his wood carvings as he had left, and offer to work for him in any way that he was able, until he had made up the missing sum. Babeli did not oppose him in his plan, for she thought it was the best thing he could do. She gave him, too, a nice pair of stockings of her own knitting, and a small cheese which she had made of the milk from a goat which Ruprecht had given her; and she took from her neck, and tied round Fridolin's, the little gold cross she had worn since the day her mother died. Of all these things the owner of the pocket-book could take what he pleased in the place of the paper note, whose value, she had reason to fear, was much greater than the ear-rings. She then packed up for Fridolin a little supply of food, which, with his other treasures, she put in a wallet which he hung over his shoulder, and she put into

his pocket the few *batzen* that she possessed to help him on his way. It was not so very far to Berne but that Fridolin might easily walk the distance in a few days, and she knew that he would think nothing of sleeping at night in some shed or barn by the road side, now that the nights were so short and warm. Then giving him her blessing, she saw him depart with a lightened heart, and when he had gone, went among her neighbours in the valley again, and told them of Fridolin's departure, and what he meant to do, and held up her head again, and went about her daily task with a more cheerful spirit, her heart being full of hope again for Fridolin and herself.

We need not relate all that befel Fridolin from the time he left home, until, foot-sore and weary, he reached the city of Berne. We could not—if we would—tell all that he felt at leaving Babeli for the first time in his life; nor when, for the first time he left the valley in which he was born, and beyond whose mountain boundaries he had never before passed. As long as he could look back and see the snow-covered peak of the "Maiden," it seemed, however, as if he had not quite lost sight of home, for he knew that perhaps Babeli would be looking up at it just then, as well as himself; and though his way led from among the mountains, and came amongst land that was covered with fields of corn, and hemp, and potatoes, and beet-root, yet there was always behind him the range of mountains among which lay his native

valley, and even from the walls of Berne he could see their white summits.

Fridolin reached this (as it seemed to him) great city on a Sunday, and when the inhabitants were at church; and, as the streets were all deserted, he thought he would go to the church and wait till the people came out, so that he might have a chance of seeing the gentleman to whom the pocket-book belonged, and whom he was sure he should be able to recognise, especially if he should have his daughter with him, whose kind smile he so particularly well remembered. In the city of Berne, the people having among them as many Catholics as Protestants; in order to accommodate both, the old cathedral is divided, so that each may have their religious services in it; and Fridolin, peeping in at one door, saw the Roman Catholic altar, with its candlesticks, and crucifix, and pictures, and images; and smelt the smell of incense, which told him that mass had just been performed there: and then going round to the other door, he found in that half of the church, a Lutheran pastor up in the pulpit, in his black gown and little black cap, preaching a sermon. The congregation sat listening attentively, the men on one side and the women on the other; then at the conclusion of the discourse a hymn was sung, and the blessing given by the pastor, and when all was over the people poured out of the church past the young peasant boy, who stood at the door looking so earnestly in their faces, that they won-

dered what he could be wanting. Fridolin could, however, nowhere see the face he looked for; or was it that he was dazzled and confused by the quickly-passing crowd? It might be, thought he, that people wore such a different dress when they went to church in towns to what they crossed the mountains in, that prevented him knowing the traveller again; so he waited until the minister himself came out, and then took courage to go up to him and ask if he knew the gentleman he was in search of, and whose name he shewed to him written in the pocket-book.

Luckily for Fridolin, the pastor knew him very well, and promised to take him to his house, only he said he must first go home to hear a class of children say their catechism, whom, he expected, would be waiting for him. So Fridolin went to his house, and sat by and waited whilst he taught a number of children, explaining their catechism to them, and hearing them read the scriptures. As Fridolin listened to all this, he thought, that perhaps, had he been so taught his duty to God, he should not have broken one of His commandments; and he tried to fix in his mind many kind and earnest words of exhortation that the pastor spoke. It so happened that he talked to the children about the commandment—"Thou shalt not steal;" and he told them how sacred in their eyes the property of others should be, and what sorrow and shame were sure to follow a dishonest act. "Ah," said Fridolin to himself, "I could tell them better than

the pastor all about that;" and he felt sure that nothing should tempt him again as long as he lived, to take what did not belong to him. But he was so tired just then with his long walk, and the day was so warm, that when the pastor went to another subject with his class, Fridolin's thoughts grew confused, and his head nodded; and presently he fell fast asleep in his chair. He dreamed that he was with Babeli, and that she was churning and the butter would not come, and that somehow or other it was his fault, and yet that he could not help it. "Indeed I cannot help it, Babl'," said he, as the pastor shook him by the shoulder, and told him he must wake up and eat the dinner that was set before him, and that then he would take him to the gentleman whom he wanted to see.

Refreshed and strengthened, Fridolin was then taken by the good pastor through the handsome streets of the city of Berne, and left at the door of the house where his errand was to be performed. Fridolin was left to tell his own story, and though his heart beat, and his cheeks flushed at the thought of the confession he had to make, yet he felt glad, too, that the moment had come for making amends for his fault, in the only way in his power. He was shewn into a room, where he had some time to wait for the coming of the "Doctor," as the servant who opened the door for him called her master; so Fridolin took his little pack from his back, and opened it out, laying its contents on the

table. There was the brown leather pocket-book, (still somewhat stained and discoloured with the melted snow of the chalet,) the gold ear-rings, Babeli's stockings and goat's-milk cheese, and the few wood carvings that he had left, and which he hoped would be looked upon as of some value, though they were not his very best.

It surprised the Doctor not a little, we may be sure, when he came out to speak to the peasant boy from the mountains, who, his servant said, was waiting to see him, to perceive all these things spread out on the table side by side. He quickly recognised his own pocket-book, but it required a very long story from Fridolin to explain what the rest of the things were for. After a little while he even remembered Fridolin himself, and called to mind the assistance he had given him and his daughter the day they had been caught in a snow-storm on the mountain pass, and he greeted him with pleasure, as he looked on him as an honest boy come all that way to restore his long-lost property. Ah, how doubly hard did this mistake of his, make it for Fridolin to tell his tale!

But the history of the golden ear-rings was at last related with tearful downcast eyes and burning blushes on his cheeks; and he ended by entreating the Doctor to take any or all of the things which he had brought, in exchange for the money which was gone from the pocket-book. As the gentleman listened his face became grave, and as, in concluding,

Fridolin ventured one glance up at him, he saw that the friendly smiles were gone, and that his eyes were looking down upon him searchingly and reprovingly. But there was kindness in the tone of his voice, as he then expressed his regret at what he heard. The gentleman said that he had always thought that the people who lived among the Swiss mountains were remarkable for their honesty, and that they had a character for it all over the world. He had never doubted but that, if his pocket-book were found, it would be brought to him with all its contents; but he did not say this to Fridolin without owning that his temptation had been great, seeing how eager he was to give pleasure to Babeli; but that now he was sure he would never make the mistake again, of supposing that anything could please her so much as his honesty and truth.

"Ah, if the gentleman Doctor had only seen how Babl' cried, and how she pulled the ear-rings from her ears, when she knew how he had come by them, he might indeed be sure of that," exclaimed Fridolin, dashing the tears from his own eyes with the back of his hand.

The good Doctor was willing to take Fridolin's chamois and goats, and Babeli's stockings and cheese, in exchange for the paper money which was gone from his book, but when he proposed that Fridolin should take back the ear-rings to Babeli, and consider them as the reward which he had always intended to give to the finder of the

book, Fridolin would by no means consent to the arrangement.

"Babl' will never put those ear-rings in her ears again, I know," said he, "and no one in the valley would ever believe that I came rightly by them."

It would have been difficult for the Doctor and Fridolin to have settled this matter, perhaps, if it had not been for his daughter's assistance, who came in and heard the history of the ear-rings. She said that nothing should she like so well as to wear those ear-rings herself, in remembrance of a kind and honest girl like Babeli; and she would send instead to Babeli a pair of her own, which she might put in her ears and shew to the whole valley as tokens that her brother had amended his fault.

This made Fridolin quite contented and happy, and he was still more pleased when the Doctor gave him a written paper to say that he had received back his pocket-book and the value of its contents, which paper Fridolin could, if he liked, fasten against the wall of Ruprecht's cottage, or keep in his pocket to shew to people if it were needed in proof of his honesty. With this and the gold ear-rings for Babeli, together with many good wishes and kind advice from the Doctor and his daughter, Fridolin left the city of Berne the next day, and began his journey back to his native valley. Joyfully he trudged along, getting nearer and nearer at every step to his beloved mountains;

joyous his songs as he came in sight of the snowy peak of the "Maiden;" but happiest of all was he when he found himself once more at home again with Babeli, his shame and sorrow gone, and his good character restored to him for life.

MEEK-EYE;

OR, THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

AN ARABIAN NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

A GREAT part of Asia and Africa is composed of vast plains of sand, upon which no grass grows, through which no rivers run, and which, for the most part, are as level as a large sea unruffled by waves—a sea of sand. As far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but sand. Mountains, it is true, may on one side rise up in the distance,

and make an uneven line for the eye to rest on in that direction, but on the other sides all will be flat, and smooth, and straight, and the blue sky will seem as if it sank down to meet the yellow sand. All is sand, sand, sand; and when the hot mid-day sun pours its scorching beams down upon it, it seems to glare and dazzle under the eye of the traveller, so that it is as if another hot sun were beneath as well as above; and he turns dizzy and would fain shut his eyes, but that his eyeballs seem to burn his eyelids, as he closes them for a moment.

But if the great desert is like a sea, happily for the poor traveller there are islands in it. Here and there upon the vast barren plain, are to be found patches of verdure—green grass, shrubs, and trees, growing around a small pool of water or bubbling spring; and here the tired and exhausted wayfarer can find shade and rest, and slake his burning thirst, and sleep for awhile sheltered from the sun by the large leaves of the palms or plantains, which stretch over his head like parasols.

And then, how does the traveller cross these sandy plains? Not in wheeled carriages, on horseback, nor in railway trains, but on the backs of tall, long-necked, hump-backed camels. Seated between the neck and the hump of these creatures, and with his baggage packed behind him, he is carried swiftly and safely across great tracks of the desert—the camel never fainting or flagging beneath his load—going without food or water for days

together, and ever obeying faithfully the voice of his master, as he bids him go faster or slower, kneel down or rise up again. If a desert is like a sea, and the verdant spots upon it are like islands, so is the camel like a ship, which can transport the traveller from one part to another quickly and safely; and thus it has often been called the "Ship of the Desert." But even with his faithful camel the merchant does not dare to cross the desert alone. The difficulty of keeping in the right track, and the fear of roving parties of wild Arabs, who are the robbers of the desert, cause a great number of travellers to cross the desert in company, so as to protect each other; and they take with them camel-drivers and guides, who know the way, and who look after the beasts when they encamp at night, and light the fires, and fill the water-skins when they come to a spring: and the merchants and travellers, camels and camel-drivers, as they journey together in a large party, are called a Caravan.

Hassan was a camel-driver, who dwelt at Gaza, and it was his business to go with Caravans backwards and forwards across the desert to Suez, to take care of the camels of travelling merchants who took bales of merchandise, which were to be sent by vessels from Suez down the Red Sea, and then across the Arabian Sea to India. Or he came back with other merchants bringing merchandise which had been landed at Suez from the East, and was brought to Gaza to be shipped to Europe.

The home of Hassan was at Gaza, however, and there he had a wife and one young son, called Ali.

Hassan had been at one time absent for many weeks, when his wife received from him a message, brought by another camel-driver, who returned with a Caravan from Suez. It said:—"Send the boy with the camel to Suez, with the next Caravan that starts from Gaza. I have some merchandise to bring home, and will await at Suez till he comes."

And Ali's mother understood the message, and prepared to obey. She grieved at the thought of sending her young son away, to go so far off for the first time, but she said to herself that Ali was now quite old enough to be helping his father, and immediately set about doing what was necessary for his journey. She got out the housings for the camel, and looked to the water-skins, to see that they did not leak; and she mended a rent in Ali's tunic, and bought him a new pair of slippers; in fact, did all that was needed to make him quite ready the moment it was made known to her that a Caravan was about to start. As for Ali, he was delighted to think that he was to go to his father, and that at last the day was come when he too was to be a camel-driver, and to take a journey with the dear old camel which he was so fond of—to ride on its back across the desert, and to lie down by its side when they rested at night—all this was delightful, and he had no fears about the matter.

Now the camel which Hassan possessed, and of

which Ali was so fond, had been bought with the savings of many a year's hard service, and formed the sole riches of the family. It almost, indeed, caused Hassan to be looked upon as quite a wealthy man by his fellow camel-drivers, and Ali, besides having a great love for the animal itself, was proud of his father being a camel-owner. He fed the camel every day himself, and though he was indeed a great creature by the side of the young boy, yet he would obey the voice of Ali, and come and go at his bidding, and lie down and rise up just as he wanted. Ali used to fancy the camel knew his step when he approached him, and that he would look in his face with a look of love and recognition with his soft brown eyes. He called his camel by an Arabian word which meant "Meek-eye," and it was a very good name for the creature.

At last there was a Caravan about to start for Suez, which Ali could join. It was not to be a very large one, as there would not be more than nine or ten camels, but the track between Gaza and Suez was now pretty well known, and the fear of the Arabs lessened by the route being so much frequented. The party of merchants assembled near the gates of the city, where were some wells, at which the water-skins could be filled, and thither Ali's mother and other women followed to bid farewell to the camel-drivers who were to accompany the Caravan. There was a great bustle just at the last, and much talking, and Ali was so busy with his water-skins and his sack of corn

for the camel, and wallet of food for himself,—arranging it all on Meek-eye's back,—that it spared him the pain of bidding his mother good-bye. The Caravan started. The camels which were to lead the way had round their necks jingling bells, which the others hearing, followed without other guidance. The very sound of those bells put spirit into Ali's heart. He looked round and saw his mother standing on a mound near the city gate. He took his cap off and waved it round his head, and his mother took off the linen cloth which she wore over her head and waved it also: and thus they parted. Tramp, tramp, tramp, went the camels, their soft spongy feet scarcely making a noise as they trod the ground. Jingle, jingle, jingle, went the bells on the necks of the camels. The merchants talked to each other, and shouted to their attendants. The camel-drivers laughed, and talked to each other.

The city of Gaza was not quite out of sight, nor had they got quite to what might be called the beginning of the desert, before Ali began to feel rather lonely and sad. No one talked to him, and he was the only boy in the Caravan. But Ali had a stout heart, and tried not to care. He could at any rate talk to Meek-eye; and this he did, patting the creature's back, and telling him how soon they would both see his father.

The sun rose higher and higher, and it grew hotter and hotter. The morning breeze died away, and the noon was close and sultry. The sand

glowed like fire. There was nothing to be seen but sand and sky—sky and sand. Yes, there was Meek-eye's long neck and small head going up and down, as it moved with the creature's tread. Ali fixed his eyes upon it, and the motion seemed to lull and soothe him; he almost slept.

Then came the mid-day halt at one of the places well known to the drivers, where shade and water could be had. The water-skins were not to be touched that day, for at this place a little streamlet gushed from a rock, and supplied sufficient for the men, while the camels needed no water for many a day. Hunger and thirst satisfied, and a short rest taken, the kneeling camels were made to rise, the riders first placing themselves on their backs, and the Caravan moved on. At night the whole party encamped again for rest, the camels lying down while fires were lighted, and meats and drinks were cooked, and pipes were smoked. Ali slept with his head on the neck of Meek-eye, which served him for a pillow.

Many days were thus passed, and Ali became accustomed to the life, and liked it as well as he had expected. No Arabs were met with, nor even seen in the distance, and no one felt afraid of their party not being able to contend with them if they did; but a danger of the desert, worse than a party of Arabs, came upon them. There arose one day at noon one of those terrible scorching winds which do such mischief sometimes to the traveller and his camel. It came raising up the

loose sand, and sweeping it on like a cloud before it—a hot stifling wind, which took away the breath, and filled the mouth and nostrils with sand, and blinded the eyes. There was nothing to be done but for the men to throw themselves off the camels, and lie down with their faces to the earth, while the camels, of their own accord, did the same. And the scorching wind and cloud of sand passed over them, and after awhile they were able to rise up again and continue their journey.

But it happened that the sand so blown before the wind was scattered in such a manner over the beaten track which the Caravan was following, that all trace of their route was lost. The camel-drivers who led the way stood still, and owned that they did not know which way to turn, for the track was lost. The sun quite overhead just then, was no guide. No distant rock or palm tree was to be seen; and no one could say which was the south, towards which their faces ought to be turned. Many attempts were made to find the right path again in vain. They were like ships without compasses or rudders. They wandered on, losing themselves more and more, now turning to the right, and now to the left, and sometimes when they had gone some distance in one direction, retracing their steps again. At last the sun began to decline, so that they were able, at all events, to find the west; and what was their dismay to find that they had been wandering away to the east, instead of going southward. The Caravan

made a halt, and after consulting together, it was determined now to journey towards the setting sun, in hopes of coming again into the right track.

Night came on again, however, and they had not found it; nor had they reached any place where they could fill again their water-skins, which were now empty. Once or twice some one of the party fancied that he saw in the distance the top of a palm tree, on the summit of one of those rocks, amongst which springs are sometimes found; but no, it had afterwards turned out to be but a little cloud upon the horizon, or the traveller's own dazzled eyesight, which had misled him: and night came without their having fallen into the old track again, or supplied themselves with water to cool their parched lips, and quench their burning thirst. Another day without water, and what would become of them all?

Poor Ali suffered, like the rest, from terrible thirst, and was full of sorrow at the thought that his father would be expecting him at Suez. He drained the last drop of water from his leathern bottle, and thought of the morrow with fear; but he was so tired with his long day's journey, that when the Caravan halted for the night, and all the other camels lay down, he was glad to get off poor Meek-eye, and lie down by his side and close his weary eyes in sleep. Ali slept; but before the night was over he woke again. He heard voices talking near him. He listened,—for it was the voices of one of the merchants and that of the

principal camel-driver or guide. He was telling him, that if they did not find water very soon the next day, that a camel must be killed for the sake of the water contained in its stomach. This is what is often done in cases of great need in the desert, the stomach of the camel being so constructed as to hold a great quantity of water in large cavities or cells; so that rather than that the men of a Caravan should die of thirst, it is customary to kill a camel, and get out the water contained in its stomach. Ali was therefore not surprised to hear such a thing proposed; but what was his distress and alarm, when, listening a little longer, he heard the same merchant propose that it should be "the boy's camel" that should be killed! The merchant said that the other camels were of too good a race, and of too much value; while, as to this young boy, what business had he to have a camel of his own, and if it were killed what would matter his complaints? It would be better far, they said, for him to lose his camel than to die, like the rest, of thirst. And so it was decided that Meek-eye should be killed, unless water were soon found the next morning.

Ali slept no more. His heart was full of grief; but his grief was mixed with courage and resolution. He said to himself that Meek-eye should not thus die; his father had trusted him to bring the camel to him, and what would he say if he should arrive at Suez without him? He would run the risk of finding his way alone. He would

leave the Caravan that very night. Anything that could happen to him would be better than staying to see Meek-eye killed. He could lie down and die by its side if God so willed, but he could not see it killed, nor even save his own life with the water from its stomach. Anything but that!

And presently, when all was silent again, and the merchant and camel-driver had left off talking, and composed themselves to sleep, Ali arose, and quietly and gently patting the neck of Meek-eye, made it awaken up. He placed his now empty wallet and water-skins again on its back, and seating himself on it, made signs for the creature to rise, and then suddenly started off.

There were those in the Caravan who heard a noise just then, and half awakened from their sleep. They raised their heads and looked around, or muttered in their sleep, or began just then to dream that they heard the distant tramp of a camel; but none awakened sufficiently to find out that the boy, Ali, and his camel were gone, so that he got away without being pursued or stopped, and was thus left to find his way to Suez as best he could.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, went Meek-eye over the soft sand. The night was cool and refreshing, and Ali felt stronger and braver with every tramp. The stars were twinkling brightly overhead in the deep blue sky, and they were his only guides. He knew the one which was always in the north, and the one which was in the west after the sun had sank,

and which was so bright and large, and had not yet set. He must keep that star to his right, and then he should be sure to be going towards the south.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

What if a party of wild Arabs should come upon him, or a hungry jackal pounce upon him and Meek-eye? Ali hoped for the best, and thus journeyed on till daylight began to dawn. He lost sight of the bright star in the west, but a faint gleam of light in the east made as good a guide for him till the sun had quite arisen. The great fiery ball came up on the edge of the desert to the left, and rose higher and higher. It grew hotter and hotter. Faint, weary, and with a burning thirst, Ali could scarcely hold himself on to Meek-eye's back. He sometimes felt as if he must die —lie down and die with Meek-eye by his side, and let the hot wind blow the loose sand over them, to hide them for ever, and make a tomb for them. But then again he thought of his mother at Gaza, and of his father at Suez, and roused up his fainting spirits; and he took courage again, and bore up bravely, and said to himself that he must not die, nor let Meek-eye die, but find some pool of water or spring, or get into the right track, or meet with another Caravan which might have water left—one of these happy things he must hope to do.

The sun was getting very high, and its rays were as hot as ever, when Ali in gazing round him fancied he saw at a great distance something

like a small speck upon the edge of the desert, which, small as it was, might, when he got near it, prove to be a rock or palm tree. The object did not move, and did not fade away, so that he pressed forward to it, hoping more and more at every step that Meek-eye took—and then after a while not hoping but feeling happy and sure that what he saw was a tall palm tree rising up from amongst some surrounding rocks. It seemed as if Meek-eye saw it also, and was cheered by the sight, for he pricked up his ears and quickened his steps, so that it was not long before Ali found himself at one of those pleasant islands of verdure which are so mercifully scattered about the desert. He threw himself from the camel's back, and hunted out the pool of water that he knew he should find in the midst of the cluster of reeds and rushes which grew there. And then he dipped in his water-skin, and drank; while Meek-eye doubling up his long legs beneath him and lying down, stretched out his long neck down into the water, and greedily sucked up great draughts of it. Ah! how refreshing and delightful to both of them was the cool water; and when they had quenched their thirst, how sweet was the sleep which soon crept over them as they lay down in the shade of the great palm tree and overhanging rocks. Ali dreamed that he had got to Suez, and had met his father, and when he awoke it seemed as if all the dangers of his journey were over. Refreshed and rested by the water and sleep, Ali

was able also to satisfy his hunger on a bunch of ripe dates from the palm tree, while Meek-eye browsed upon the grass and leaves around.

But Ali while eating his dates, noticed that around the palm tree were strewn the stones of dates which other travellers had eaten, and he observed too that the grass at the side of the pool had been recently trampled down, and the rushes bent and broken so as to shew very plainly that a Caravan had not long ago been halting there. Then came the thought to Ali that he would start directly, and try to overtake the Caravan, if he could only make himself quite sure first of all that it was not the same one which he had left in the night, and to which the merchant belonged who had planned the death of Meek-eye. He looked carefully around to see if he could discover any signs by which he could make certain of this. He found out the place where a fire had been lighted by the travellers, and where they had cooked some food. He found the ashes still warm, and in examining the spot very carefully, he saw that among other traces left of a repast were some drops of oil spilled on the ground. Now he knew well that in the Caravan with which he had travelled from Gaza, the oil which the merchants had provided for their journey had been all used up many days before, so it could not be the same.

He therefore quickly prepared to follow it, first hunting out the traces of the camels' footsteps as

they had left the resting-place, and gone southwards, and then briskly, and with recovered strength, Ali and Meek-eye now travelled on again. Ali kept to the track most carefully. He took care also to keep the sinking sun to his right hand, and when it had quite set, he observed again where the large bright star was that had guided him before. Just before nightfall, however, he was greatly tempted to turn aside out of the track that he was following, for he thought he saw water in the distance—something like a lake or pool of water gleamed silver-bright afar off, and he would have hastened to it for a draught for himself and Meek-eye, had he not remembered that his father had often spoken of such appearances misleading the traveller in the desert, so that it was better for him not to turn aside and run the risk of losing his way He therefore turned away his eyes from the tempting sight, and said to himself that it was only mist or fog, and that he must not let it cheat and mislead him, so on he still went.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

What joy for Ali, when often the darkness had closed around him, and only a faint light came from the stars, and that he had travelled on tired and faint with hunger for many a mile, that at last a real light in the distance shewed where a Caravan was halting for the night. He could have no fears of that being anything but the fire lighted by some travellers, round which they were now sitting and lying, whilst their attendants cooked

their supper. How joyful would it be, to be again amongst such a party, and get a bowl of rice and a drink of water, and feel that he had nothing to do but join in the train the next morning if it should prove that they were going to Suez. And Ali now came up to them, and joined them without fear, for against the deep blue sky he could see the yet darker forms of the camels as they were stretched at ease or slept, and perceived that there were more of them than there had been in the Caravan which he had left. He alighted therefore from Meek-eye, and leading it by the bridle advanced towards a group of camel-drivers, who were sitting in a circle, and resting themselves. He told them his story, and asked permission to join the party, and begged a little rice, for which he was ready to pay with the piece of money that his mother had sewed into the lining of his tunic. Ali was kindly received, and was allowed to mix in the merry group of camel-drivers, and partake of their supper. The men listened with interest to his tale, and admired the courage with which he had endeavoured to save his favourite camel. There were those among them, too, who had been at Gaza, and thought they knew his father, and talked kindly and pleasantly with Ali; so that with a heart quite cheered by his good luck, and with both hunger and thirst satisfied, Ali soon slept soundly by the side of Meek-eye, upon whose long neck his head as usual rested for a pillow. But he slept to wake again.

In the midst of a pleasant dream, Ali was suddenly aroused that night by the sound of tinkling bells and the tramp of camels, and on waking up and looking around him, he saw that another Caravan had arrived, which had come from the south. Camels with merchandise, and travellers and camel-drivers, were crowding up, preparing also to rest and settle there for the night, and glad to find ready-lighted fires for their cooking, and companions to talk with. The camels had each their portion of hay and corn given to them, and then lay down to rest. The merchants lighted their pipes, and sat down to wait until their supper was brought to them by their attendants, and a party of camel-drivers drew round the fire, near which Ali had been sleeping. They raked up its ashes again, and put on fresh fuel; and they prepared the pot to boil their rice.

What voice was that which roused Ali, as he was beginning to sink again into a doze? It was not the dream about his home come back again; no, he was too much awake for that! He listened, —he started to his feet,—he looked about him, and waited for a flash of flame from the fire to fall on the faces of the camel-drivers who stood around it. It came; the flame flickering up at first, and then, all at once, blazing out. It flashed upon the face of the camel-driver who stood stooping over it, and it lighted up the face of Ali's father!

The father had waited at Suez many days wondering why Ali did not come with the camel, and

then, thinking there had been some mistake, he had determined at last to return home with the Caravan which was starting for Gaza. We need hardly describe the joy of both father and son at thus meeting each other in the middle of the desert, nor the pleasure with which the father listened to the history of all the fears and dangers to which his young son had been exposed. He was thankful that he had escaped those dangers, and glad, too, that their precious Meek-eye had been saved; but above all was he pleased at the courage and resolution that Ali had shewn.

There was no camel-driver in the whole Caravan so happy as Hassan, when, the next morning, he continued his journey to Gaza, in company with Meek-eye and his beloved son.

THE BOX OF BONBONS.

A FRENCH TALE.

It was the last day of the year when little Clementine de Vaucourt went with her *Bonne* to take a walk round what is called the Palais Royal, in Paris, in order to spend a five-franc piece, which her grandmamma had given her, at one of the smart shops there. She was rather puzzled how to spend it, for she had nearly everything that it was possible for a little girl of ten years old to have already, and the next day being New-year's Day,

she knew that all kinds of presents were coming to her from her friends and relations; more, perhaps, than she would quite know what to do with. However the fancy had come into Clementine's head that she would spend her money, and no one thought for an instant of opposing her wishes. Even when they were very foolish and unreasonable, nobody about her ever attempted such a thing. They used to say that Clementine must be made happy, and did not try to make her so by gratifying those only of her wishes which were good, nor by helping her to form such. To be sure she did not see very much of either her papa or mamma, for they were a great deal from home, and when she did, there were generally visitors with them, and Clementine was taken into the *salon* in full dress, and was looked at and talked about just as if she were a sort of live doll; so that on such occasions the thoughts and feelings that were in the heart and mind of this little girl, were not much noticed even by her papa and mamma. Clementine spent most of her time with the person who was called her *Bonne*—not quite a nurse, and certainly not her governess, because she was not well educated; but little French children have generally such a person to go about with them, and take care of them.

The *Bonne*, and all the rest of the household, however, always did whatever Mademoiselle Clementine liked, let it be ever so unreasonable, and took care never to do what she disliked. Clementine was very capricious with these likings and dislikings.

A little opposition only made her the more determined. If Clementine, for instance, took a fancy to put on blue slippers when she dressed for the *salon*, and her *Bonne* suggested that pink ones would be better, it seemed always to make Clementine all the more determined to put on none but blue. Or if she took a fancy to eating preserved pine, and her mamma should recommend her to take some candied citron instead, it had the effect of making Clementine fancy that her very happiness for the whole day depended on her getting a slice of the preserved pine: and so it was with everything.

On the day we speak of, Clementine, with her five-franc piece in the palm of her hand, walked about the Palais Royal, and looked at all the gay shops there, and had a good deal of difficulty, as we have said, in making up her mind what to buy with her money. The shops which most attracted her notice, were those in which *bonbons* were sold, and these were now crowded with every variety of beautiful *bonbons* it was possible to conceive, all ready for New-year's Day, when people in Paris go about to see one another, and make each other presents; and these presents are more often *bonbons* than anything else. Clementine had been round the Palais Royal once, and not made up her mind, when all at once she saw in one of the windows a box of *bonbons*, which she thought the very prettiest she had ever seen in her life. It was a box covered with white satin, and on the top was a wreath of roses and forget-me-nots, most delicately and beau-

tifully made; while inside, it was filled with very delicious-looking *Fralines.** Now there were plenty of other very pretty boxes of *bonbons* even in the same shop window, but Clementine took a fancy to that one, and therefore she must have it, although it would cost all her money. She thought, however, that she remembered seeing a box somewhat like it at the other side of the Palais Royal; so she told her *Bonne* that she would just take one look at this other box before she quite decided. They accordingly went round to the arcade at the other side of the great square of the Palais Royal, and found that this box which Clementine had first seen, was, as she had suspected, not nearly so pretty as the one that she had set her heart on. The roses on the lid were quite coarsely made, and the forget-me-nots of quite a dingy blue compared to it. So back they went to the shop where the *most* beautiful box was to be had.

Alas! it was gone! And who could wonder, seeing what numbers of people were clustering round the shop window, and going in and out to make their purchases? How was it likely that such a lovely box of *Pralines* should be left long unsold?

Clementine stood in silent dismay. Then all at once a sudden thought struck her. Perhaps there would be another box of the kind inside the shop not yet sold?—thus thinking, she pulled the hand of her *Bonne*, and they went in and asked.

The smart young lady who stood behind the

* A kind of sweetmeat made of chocolate.

counter, when she heard what was wanted, lifted up her hands in vexation, and exclaimed several times, "*Que c'est malheureux! Que c'est facheux!*" —"How unfortunate it is! How sad it is!" and then explained that the box Clementine so admired had been the very last of the kind that they had in their stock. The design was, as she said, so very elegant, that no wonder they were all disposed of.

Clementime stood ready to cry. Almost for the first time in her life she was going to be disappointed in not getting the thing she wanted to have, and instead of making up her mind to forget the beautiful box she could not have, and take something else—the *wanting* grew only still more strong. It was in vain that the polite shop-woman and her *Bonne* pointed out to her first one pretty box, and then another; such as would have easily satisfied other people to take instead, but not Clementine. All her happiness depended on getting that particular box that she had admired so very much, and it seemed to her as if wanting to have it had made it hers, and that it was the greatest possible injustice to her that any one else should have carried it off.

What was to be done?

"Come, Mademoiselle Clementine," said her *Bonne* at last, "as you cannot make up your mind to buy one of these pretty things, we had better go away."

But Clementine did not move.

A happy thought seemed all at once to strike the shop-woman. She remembered on a sudden that

she knew who it was that had bought the very box which Clementine had seen. Yes! she knew the name of the lady, and where she lived; and she had no doubt that she would be so obliging as to take another box instead, if the young lady chose to go to her house, and ask her. She lived not far off, at such a number, and on such a storey, in Rue St. Honoré, and was moreover "the most obliging person in the world."

Clementine was delighted. She would go to the lady's house, and ask her to give up the box—it would be hers after all!

At number *so* and *so*, Rue St. Honoré, up two pairs of stairs, therefore, Clementine and her *Bonne* were shown into a very nice *salon*, where the obliging lady sat at work. There was an empty chair opposite to her, and before it an embroidery frame, at which some one had just been working. Of course it took a little while to make the lady understand what the little girl and her *Bonne* had come to her for; but when it was all explained, she also lifted up her hands in dismay. It was quite true that she had purchased, only half an hour ago, the very box which Clementine described, with the garland of roses and forget-me-nots on the lid. ("It was a most charming box, certainly," said she,) and she had brought it home, and given it to her daughter Eugenie as her New-year's present. But Eugenie, the moment she saw it, had thought how very much she should like to give it to her friend Louise de Beauvan, as there was no chance of her get-

ting the cushion she was embroidering for her finished in time. Eugenie had put on her bonnet, and set off to give the box to Louise at once, because she was going to spend the day to-morrow at Versailles, "and before this time," concluded the lady, "she will have parted with it."

"Bless me, how unfortunate!" exclaimed the *Bonne;* but Clementine did not speak. She stood the picture of vexation and disappointment, and even when the lady got up to shew her daughter's embroidery, that was to have been finished that day, if Eugenie had not most unfortunately got inflammation in her eyes the last week, Clementine could not take any interest in seeing the beautiful cushion cover, she felt so very unhappy at the loss of the box.

"Dear me," at last exclaimed the lady, turning to the *Bonne*, "if the young lady has so set her heart upon having this box, I really should not wonder after all if Louise de Beauvan would not give it up to her. Louise is so very good-natured, and you know, much as she loves my daughter, she has plenty of keepsakes from her already, and would not care, perhaps, to part with this little New-year's gift. I can answer for my Eugenie not being at all offended, for she likes nothing so much herself as obliging others. You can but ask," said she, "at all events;" and she took the trouble to write down the name and address of her daughter's friend.

"The box will be mine, after all," said Clementine to herself. "I thought so. I always get whatever

I want;" and then remembering good manners, she thanked the lady very prettily, and making her very gracefully the last new curtsey she had learned from her dancing mistress, Clementine and her *Bonne* withdrew.

As it was now nearly Clementine's dinner-hour, and as she was very hungry, she consented to go home before paying her visit to Mademoiselle Louise de Beauvan, who lived quite on the other side of Paris. Clementine however had no intention of giving up her pursuit of the pretty box, and as soon as dinner was over, she begged her *Bonne* to put on her cloak to accompany her.

They had not any difficulty in finding out Mademoiselle Louise, and the *Bonne* made the best she could of the singular request that she should give up to this little stranger the beautiful box of *bonbons*, which her friend Mademoiselle Eugenie had made her a present of that morning. Clementine however thought that her *Bonne* wasted over the affair an unnecessary number of excuses and apologies, and that it would have been quite sufficient to say that Mademoiselle Clementine de Vaucourt *wanted* it. Nothing could exceed the politeness and kindness of Mademoiselle Louise; but it must be owned that she looked rather perplexed and embarrassed at the request. She blushed and hesitated, and then at last she explained that most unfortunately she had given away the box already! It was not, as she said, that she did not admire it exceedingly; on the contrary, she did not know when she had

seen such a lovely *bonbonnière;* and it was not that she did not value extremely every little token that she received of her dear friend's affection; but after Eugenie had left her that morning, it had occurred to her what a very valuable present such a pretty box would be to an old friend of hers, who had formerly been her governess, and to whom she was much indebted, and who being in poor circumstances, supported herself and her sick husband by making just such boxes as these for the *bonbon* shops. Such a beautiful and novel design would, she thought, be quite a little fortune to her, so she had taken it to her, and poor Madame Deville had been quite delighted with it, and so grateful for being remembered. "I am sorry for the young lady's disappointment," added Mademoiselle Louise, "but I hope poor Madame Deville will make a good deal of money by the pattern."

Perhaps however a little to Mademoiselle Louise's astonishment, Clementine did not look quite so disappointed as might be expected. She was in fact thinking to herself that the case was by no means hopeless, and that she had only to persevere in her pursuit of it, and the box would be hers. The *Bonne* was about to thank the young lady, and take her leave, and was renewing her apologies for the intrusion, when Clementine asked Mademoiselle Louise to give her the address of Madame Deville, a request which was complied with most cheerfully, for she thought to herself that she was perhaps sending her poor friend a good customer,

who would give her an order for a box after the pattern of the one she had just given her. But this was not exactly the intention of Clementine. She meant, on the contrary, to have *that* particular box, and no other.

Up four pairs of stairs in an old and gloomy house in a back street, Clementine and her *Bonne* found out at last poor Madame Deville. The room was scantily and poorly furnished, but it was neat and clean, and what little furniture there was in it was tastefully arranged. At a table covered with pasteboard, coloured paper, gold and silver medallions, silk and satin, and artificial flowers, sat Madame Deville busy at work making all kinds of pretty *bonbonnières* and nick-nacks. Clementine's eye glanced among them, but nowhere saw what she had come for. She then, partly by herself and partly assisted by her *Bonne*, began the explanation about what they were in search of; ending by asking Madame Deville to be so good as to sell it to her, and as she spoke laying her five-franc piece upon the table.

This time, however, Clementine was woefully disappointed, when, with many regrets and apologies, Madame Deville announced that she had not the box in question to dispose of. The fact was this: her dear, kind, good Mademoiselle Louise, had brought the box to her, begging her to make use of it as a pattern, or do with it whatever she pleased; and so it happened that she had had an order for *bonbon* boxes to send home to a shop

that very morning, and as she had not been able to finish as many of them as were wanted—not enough indeed to bring her sufficient to pay her week's rent with—she had thought herself quite justified in sending it with the rest of the boxes she had made herself, and was to have a good price for it, especially as it was already filled with *Pralines*. "But," added Madame Deville, "I am sure I have a box very nearly as pretty that I have just finished, if Mademoiselle would like to become a purchaser." And as she spoke she placed before Clementine a very pretty pink box, covered with silver medallions, which, at any other time, Clementine would have certainly admired.

She turned, however, with indifference from it. Where was the shop, she asked rather imperiously of poor Madame Deville, where the box had been sent. Could she not buy it there.

"Oh, certainly, if Mademoiselle pleases," said poor Madame Deville, looking rather mortified, "or if she would only wait a few days, I am sure I could make her one exactly similar." But Clementine had no intention of waiting. She thanked Madame Deville, however, for her offer; and her *Bonne*, having made herself sure of knowing the right shop to apply at, they took their leave.

"A white box with wreath of roses and forget-me-nots, sent from Madame Deville," said the shopwoman at the *bonbon* shop to which they had been directed. "Dear me, I am afraid it is sold. Annette! Cecile!" cried she to some young people

at the back of the shop, "was not that box of *Pralines*, with the roses and forget-me-nots on it, bought by old Monsieur Lambertin for his little god-daughter?"

Yes, this very box had been sent off only half an hour ago, directed to Mademoiselle Delphine Leroy, at Madame Grosjean's Pensionnat. Now this was really most provoking; but as to giving up the search after the box, Clementine was as ill disposed as ever, especially as Madame Grosjean's establishment lay in their way home, and both she and her *Bonne* knew the house very well. Clementine had often looked at the great gates which shut in all the young girls who lived there; and more than once, when she had been particularly unruly, there had been let fall a threat on the part of her mamma, that she must sooner or later be sent to Madame Grosjean's school; which Clementine dreaded extremely. She rather liked, however, the idea of paying a visit to the house, in order to inquire if Mademoiselle Delphine would part with her box, and she thought with pleasure of satisfying her curiosity as to what was behind the great gates, of which only just a little crack was ever opened to let some one out or in.

Accordingly the great bell by the side of the gates was rung, and the portress came, and they were admitted. The *Bonne* knew well that in such a visit they must ask to see Madame Grosjean herself, and obtain permission from her to see Mademoiselle Delphine. So they were shewn up

the great flight of stairs, and down a long corridor, to where sat Madame Grosjean in her little *salon*. To Clementine's surprise, the sounds of merry laughter were heard as they passed along, and through an open door she got a glimpse of a party of little girls of her own age, playing at battledore and shuttlecock, whilst others appeared very busy and happy as they sat at work around a table. The windows of the corridor looked, too, into a pleasant garden, so that after all Madame Grosjean's Pensionnat was not such a gloomy place as it had appeared from the street.

When Clementine and her *Bonne* were shewn into the presence of the stately Madame Grosjean, the announcement of their errand became a more difficult affair than they had ever found it yet, and Clementine, shrinking behind her *Bonne*, left her to make the preparatory explanation. Evidently Madame Grosjean thought it rather an extraordinary demand. She was not in the habit of seeing little girls so determined in carrying out a foolish fancy; and besides this, she had no notion of little Delphine being induced to sell her present from her god-father, which had just given her so much pleasure. She said that they were perhaps not aware that little Delphine was a great invalid—very lame—in fact never moved from her sofa. She was an orphan, too, and had no friends who looked after her but this kind god-father of hers, Monsieur Lambertin. The little attentions he paid her were of course more valuable to Delphine than they were

to most other children, and she knew that Delphine prized his presents very much.

After a little more talk, however, seeing that Clementine did not appear disposed to take her leave, Madame Grosjean said that after all, this was a matter in which she should be quite ready to leave Delphine to make what decision she chose, and that, if they pleased, she would shew them into the room where Delphine was, after first preparing her for their visit.

Madame Grosjean passed into the next room, and after a few minutes interval, during which little Delphine was told what the strangers had come about, Clementine and her *Bonne* were ushered into the room where she lay on her sofa. She looked very delicate and sickly, but there was a flush on her cheeks that made her dark eyes seem very bright. The flush had been left there ever since the receipt of her beautiful present from her kind god-father, and now she was quite in a state of bustle and excitement about the box and its contents. There it was before her, the very same box that Clementine had so admired in the window of the shop in the Palais Royal, and she thought it as pretty as ever. But Delphine had emptied it of the *Pralines* which had been packed so neatly into it, and was busily engaged in dividing them out into little heaps on the table, and each little heap she was folding up into paper, and then writing a name on each little parcel.

She told Clementine at once that she could not

oblige her by parting with the box, which she was sorry for, but the fact was—and little Delphine talked very fast as she told all this—she had been so delighted that morning by her god-father remembering her, that at first she thought she would keep the box he sent her as long as she lived in remembrance of him, and make the *Pralines* last out till next new-year's day; but on second thoughts she had felt how glad she should be to divide the *Pralines* amongst the little ones among her schoolfellows, who had not gone home for the holidays. "You know," said she, "they are all so kind to me; and it is so very seldom that I have anything to give them. See! I have divided them equally, after just keeping a few for myself, so that I might be able to tell my god-father how they taste; and I have written the girls' names upon each little packet, and mean to get Mademoiselle Sophie, the teacher, to put these little packets into their shoes at their bed-sides to-night after they are all asleep, and they will all be so surprised to find them there in the morning."

Clementine smiled at this, for she knew that her own shoes would be filled with toys and sweetmeats that night, just in the same way; and her mind was greatly relieved by hearing Delphine talk only about the *Pralines*, the box being what she wanted, for it would be easy enough to get *Pralines* to fill it with again, and she said so to Delphine.

"Oh, but the box—yes, I have not told you

what I am going to do with the box. I certainly meant to keep it myself at first; I meant to look upon it as quite a keepsake from my dear godfather—but then you see, Mademoiselle Sophie, my teacher, has been so very kind to me ever since I came here, and I do so long to make her a present. I began to embroider her a little collar a few weeks ago—see, here it is—but I work so slow, and I am so often in pain, that I have not been able to finish it; and even if I had, it would have been a very shabby present. But this box! If you had seen how much Mademoiselle Sophie admired it just now, and said it was the very prettiest she had ever seen; it made me quite decide to give it to her, and I am sure Monsieur Lambertin will not be offended, he is so very kind."

"But look," said Clementine, "I am quite ready to give you five francs for the box, even without the *Pralines*, and it only cost that at first. So if you have five francs, you can easily spend them upon a present for Mademoiselle Sophie."

As this thought came into Clementine's head, and she spoke it, she really fancied that the matter was at last settled for ever. Delphine did pause a little, too, before she replied. Never in her life had she possessed so much money as five francs at one time. The very spending of them for Mademoiselle Sophie would be a great pleasure, and she could perhaps get her something much more useful than the box: but though these thoughts passed quickly through her mind as she

paused, others succeeded them, and she replied in quite a firm and decided tone of voice, that she was very much obliged to the young lady, and that it was certainly a very liberal offer on her part to be ready to give so much for the empty box: but that, though she did not mind giving away her god-father's present to Mademoiselle Sophie, to whom she was so much obliged, yet that she could not consent to *sell* it; and she gently pushed back to Clementine the five-franc piece that she had laid on the table.

Now if it had been her mamma, or her papa, or her *Bonne*, or any of the servants at home, who had refused one of her requests in this way, Clementine would have—we will not say what she would have done—but there was something so firm and so resolute about little Delphine's manner, that Clementine never thought for an instant of attempting to overcome her scruples. Perhaps all at once the sense of this little lame girl's generosity with her only new-year's present, and her nice feeling of delicacy in resisting the temptation to sell it, struck upon Clementine's mind. Perhaps it had occurred to her just then to contrast the kindness that had been shewn by all the different possessors of this box, with her own selfish eagerness to make it her own. We do not undertake to say exactly how it was with Clementine's thoughts and feelings, but she took up her money again without another word of remonstrance, and offering her hand to Delphine, thanked her, and wished her good-bye.

Clementine, as she left the room, turned round however with a sort of longing, lingering look towards Delphine, and the table before her sofa.

"Ah!" said the *Bonne* to herself, "she is taking a last look at the beautiful box;" but she was quite wrong, for Clementine was, on the contrary, saying to herself, "How I should like to stay with Delphine, and help her to do up those packets of *Pralines;* and how I should like to be by, when she gives the box to Mademoiselle Sophie."

The *Bonne* made another mistake about Clementine's thoughts that afternoon. At the end of the street in which was Madame Grosjean's Pensionnat, was a shop full of pretty toys and nick-nacks of every description, and after having had a good look in at the window, Clementine pulled her *Bonne* by the hand, and said she wanted to go in.

"To spend your five-franc piece after all in something that you will like quite as well as that box, I dare say," said the *Bonne.*

Clementine looked at a number of pretty things; and after a little difficulty in making a choice among so many, she selected at last an exceedingly pretty case, containing scissors, thimble, stiletto, etc., such as are very useful to those who embroider; and when it was neatly folded up by the shop-woman, she asked her to direct it to "Mademoiselle Delphine Leroy."

"Bless me!" said the *Bonne* to herself, "what is Mademoiselle Clementine about?"

Clementine did not say; but begged her *Bonne*

to accompany her back to Madame Grosjean's house. Once again the great bell was rung, and the great gates were opened by the portress. She needed only to open them the least little bit in the world, for Clementine and her *Bonne* were not coming in. Clementine only gave in a small packet, and asked the portress to be so very good as to give it to Mademoiselle Sophie, the teacher, and ask her to put it that night in one of the slippers of Mademoiselle Delphine, so that she might find it there the next morning, when she got up. The portress smiled, and undertook the commission with the greatest pleasure; and Clementine, with a heart more full of satisfaction and content than perhaps she had ever felt before in her whole life, returned home from the unsuccessful pursuit of the beautiful *bonbon* box.

The next morning Clementine's shoes were full of pretty presents, and amongst them a box of *bonbons* almost as pretty even to her fancy as the one she did not buy the day before; but whilst she looked at them with great delight, and shewed them to her *Bonne*, she kept saying, "I wonder whether Delphine has found out her present yet! I wonder whether she will ever find out who sent it to her! I hopes she likes it as much as I did!"

In the course of the year which that New-year's Day began, it was noticed by all who knew Clementine, that she was altogether very much improved from what she had been the year before—more kind, more good-tempered, and more reasonable.

Some persons thought it might be from spending so much of her time at Madame Grosjean's, with her little friend, Delphine Leroy; but certain it was that Clementine was become much more loveable, and therefore more loved, and the *self-will* she used formerly to display, was now changed into *good-will* towards all around her.

IVAN'S DREAM.

A TALE OF SIBERIA.

IVAN and his father and mother were exiled from Poland, and lived in Siberia. At the other side of the great Ural Mountains, which separate Asia from the north of Europe, on the banks of the River Oby, stood their dwelling. It was little more than a peasant's hut, and yet it contained all that was necessary for their comfort, and even

some luxuries which they had been permitted to bring with them from Europe—such as books, the father's violin and the mother's guitar, a warm carpet or two, and a sofa with cushions—things which it would have been difficult enough to find in any of the peasants' huts around them. Ivan knew, however, that when he was very young he had lived in a very different sort of house, full of spacious apartments, with beautiful furniture, and had been waited on by servants and attendants of all kinds. He had a faint recollection, too, of the long and fatiguing journey which he and his father and mother had made when they came to Siberia. He remembered that his parents had been strictly guarded by uncivil officers, who never lost sight of them for a single moment; and that it was only when they had got fairly into Asia, thousands of miles from their home, that any degree of liberty had been allowed them.

It had been explained to Ivan, then, by his father, that he was sent away from his native country and friends, because he was suspected of doing something unfavourable to the government of Russia, to which Poland now belonged; and he knew that grief at leaving their country was the reason why his mother shed so many tears during the journey, and that his father was so silent and gloomy. But if it saddened his spirits then, there were no such causes to make him dull now that they had been several years in Siberia. His father and mother had not only become

somewhat reconciled to their lot, but were, at all events, anxious that the childhood of their little son should be happy, so that he scarcely ever saw his mother in tears, and his father only spoke of his unhappy country, or lamented over his exile from it, when Ivan was not by; and he did all in his power to entertain his little boy, and supply the place to him of young companions. He took Ivan with him as often as he could when he went to fish or catch ducks in the river, or to shoot in the forest near which their cottage stood. He gave him rides in a sledge over the smooth snow, and made him a tiny pair of skates, and taught him to skate. He told him stories as they sat by the stove at night, and played the merriest tunes he could think of on his violin, and made Ivan dance to them with his mother on the cottage floor.

Ivan had almost forgotten Poland and their beautiful house in Warsaw—forgotten that there could have been for him a pleasanter or happier life than the one he led in Siberia. He had become so accustomed to the climate, and so familiar with all the changes of the seasons in that very northern part of the world, that it was quite as puzzling to him to understand how it could be different in southern countries, as for us to picture to ourselves how in those regions they have scarcely any day at all in winter, and scarcely any night in summer. For two or three weeks indeed in the middle of winter the sun only

just appeared for an hour or two above the horizon in the south, whilst in the middle of summer it only dipped down below the horizon in the north for an hour or two at midnight. He had so often seen the beautiful shooting lights and colours of the Aurora Borealis, which is such a common sight in those latitudes, that he had ceased to wonder at it, and no one now thought of awakening him up from his sleep to shew it him. Many other things, too, had Ivan become much more familiar with than even his father and mother, because not remembering the ways of his native country, he never thought of comparing them with what went on around him. He learned sooner than they did the names of all the birds and animals peculiar to the country, the times of their appearing and disappearing, and the best ways of taking them; and, above all, he knew better than they all about the Ostiaks, or native inhabitants of the country, who lived in tents or moveable huts, and went about in large parties or tribes, something in the same way as our Gipsies.

It was Katrina, the old servant, who waited on them, and cooked for them, from whom Ivan learned all these things. Katrina was herself more than half an Ostiak, and could tell Ivan all that went on among these people, and could interpret their language to him whenever they met with any. He liked to hear from her all about their herds of reindeer, which form their riches, in the same way as cows and horses, sheep and pigs, are

the wealth of the farmers and peasants of other countries. She told him how their clothes and bedding were almost entirely made of the skin of the animal, the utensils in their huts of its horns, while they lived on its flesh, and the cheese they made from its milk.

Fine stories used Katrina to tell of some of these people being so rich as to be owners of as many as four or five hundred reindeer, which they fed with neither grass, nor hay, nor corn, but only turned them out to browze on a particular kind of moss or lichen, which they find in the forests, after first scraping away the snow from above it with their hoofs and shovel-shaped horns. She told of the wonderful distances these creatures will travel without stopping or resting, and how they can bear anything but heat; so that, when summer comes, which, short as it is, is yet very warm, they are sent by their owners, under the charge of a herdsman, to the Ural Mountains, where the snow never melts the whole year round. Ivan, who knew that his father had once been rich, used to make him smile sometimes by asking him how many reindeer he had had in his own country, and at other times he would feel almost jealous in hearing from Katrina how many more skins and furs some of the Ostiak women had in their tents than his mother possessed. Katrina estimated everybody's importance and wealth by their furs and reindeer, and she thought a ride in a sledge drawn by a horse nothing to be compared to a sledge

drawn by three reindeer; and, as for silks and satins, there was the fur of the black fox, and a particular kind of squirrel skin, that she thought far finer things, and which were really more valuable, since a small skin of the former would fetch roubles enough to buy a silk gown at the fairs of Tobolsk or Beresov.

Some things, to be sure, that Katrina told about the Ostiaks, were not quite so pleasant to hear of; such, for instance, as their love for all kinds of greasy food, and their way of eating always with their fingers; nor could Ivan ever reconcile himself to their love for raw fish. Even Katrina was one day found eating a raw fish out of the basketful her master had just caught in the river, and no one could persuade her that they were nicer when cooked.

Parties of Ostiaks would often come to the door of their cottage to sell skins, and if women were amongst them, they had generally babies strapped to their backs, wrapped up in a kind of cradle of birch bark. His mother always won their hearts by looking at these babies, and by giving a string of glass beads or a cross of shining metal to be worn round their throats. She got capital bargains of furs in return, and sometimes little presents of horn spoons, or slippers made of reindeer's skin. Ivan became so accustomed to the curious costume of the Ostiaks, that he never thought of being afraid of them; indeed he fancied he should like nothing better than to go and live

among them in one of their settlements, and see all their doings for himself, better than Katrina could tell him. There were not always Ostiaks living within reach of them, however, as they seldom staid long in one place; and in summer-time especially, when Ivan could best go about, they were generally absent selling their skins and furs at distant fairs.

But summer-time, even in Siberia, was a very pleasant season to Ivan. After snow had lain on the ground for nine months, and no foliage been visible all that time but that of the dark and gloomy pines and firs, a sudden thaw would come on, the snow disappear, and the ice of the rivers break up, and trees and shrubs burst their buds. Then came forth the leaves of the delicate birch and graceful larch, while even pines and firs would put forth shoots of bright and tender green. There were flowers then, too, for Ivan to seek for with his mother in the forest, and soon after, ripe berries of several kinds to gather, and thousands of insects to observe, which were awakened from the torpor of winter. Large flights and flocks of birds came up from the south filling the air with their various cries and songs, some taking up their abode in the trees of the forest, and others in the reeds and rushes of the river banks. Wild ducks and geese, cormorants, snipes, and quails, all of which made the people very busy in catching and shooting them, as during the summer visit of these birds, they take care to lay up a large

provision of them ready for winter. Then, too, Ivan's mother could accompany him and his father in their long walks and fishing excursions on the river. The nets that she had made during the winter, of reindeer's sinews, after the pattern of those made by the Ostiaks, were brought into use in drawing many a fine salmon, which had come up the river from the Arctic Ocean, to lay its spawn in fresh-water, and could be used also in snaring the young ducks which nestled among the sedges of the river bank.

It was at the close of such a summer, which had been a particularly happy one to Ivan, for no other reason, perhaps, than because it was the last, and therefore he was older, and more brave and skilful, and more of a companion to his father, that the news arrived at the cottage one day, and was given by Katrina to Ivan, of the arrival of a large party of Ostiaks in the neighbourhood, who had pitched their tents, and made their arrangements to stay for the winter at a place not more than ten miles from where their cottage stood. Ivan was delighted to hear this, and reminding his father of his promise to take him to see the Ostiaks in their huts, it was settled that they would certainly go as soon as the snow had fallen thick enough, and frozen hard enough to bear their sledge.

After this there was little else talked of every evening by Ivan and his father, than this expedition to see the Ostiaks. His mother had her

preparations to make for it, as Ivan and his father would be for so many hours exposed to the cold, and, besides a little store of provision, would require several extra garments of fur; such as a sort of hood of fur to put over their cloth caps, just such as the Ostiaks themselves wear; and Ivan's pelisse was to be fresh lined with the warmest and softest fur.

It was only the end of September when the winter quite set in, and a short excursion one day in the sledge proved that the journey to the Ostiak settlement might well be attempted the very next day; and as all things were ready for it, there was only the packing up of the provisions, and the looking together of all their various wraps to be done. This, and the selection of a few presents for the Ostiaks, and making a list of the skins his mother and Katrina wanted them to purchase, gave Ivan, if not much to do, at all events a great deal to talk about, so that it was later than usual when he went to his little bed in the corner of the inner room which was occupied by his mother and father; and when once in bed not even the prospect of the next day's doings prevented him falling very soon into a deep sleep.

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It was morning; and Ivan and his father had started in their sledge, though only a grey twilight would show them the way they were to go—grey dusky twilight, which was darker and thicker as it were with a mist that filled the air. The tramp

of the horse over the hard snow was the only sound they could hear as their sledge glided along over its smooth surface, upon which not even a pebble lay to give a jog or jolt to their carriage. As the first part of their way lay through the forest which they knew so well, they could go on and on even through the mist without stopping or turning, the great black trunks of the trees on each side shewing Ivan's father how to keep the path. Then out of the forest they glided on upon the frozen surface of the river—less smooth than the snow-covered ground, because the river in freezing had drifted up in ridges and furrows of ice, and though the snow lay over this, yet the sledge got jogs and jolts enough. But Ivan lay snug and safe beneath the great bear-skin, which was spread over him, and only just one of his eyes need peep out of the fur hood, which, close drawn over his face, kept his ears so warm from the cold morning air, which seemed to whistle as they shot through it. It seemed to Ivan as if they must have flown along the river, for they came so soon up to the Ostiak settlement upon its banks, with its huts or rather tents of thick cloth stretched upon poles, just as Katrina had described—the curious little huts, with fires on the ground in the centre, with the smoke going out through a hole at the top—the sort of flap of reindeer skin that was drawn over the entrance to serve as a door—the family within, men, women, and children, all like mere bundles of fur, seated round the fire, and poking their fingers into the

pot or kettle, and pulling out pieces of reindeer flesh. Others devouring raw fish, entrails and all. Others munching lumps of reindeer-milk cheese;—they all seemed at dinner, while babies in their little cradles of bark, were hung up to the poles of the tents like so many baskets or brown-paper parcels. Then they went to see the herds of reindeer, who at the call of one of the rich Ostiaks, who owned so many, came crowding up at his call. The Ostiak caught some of them to shew how skilfully he could throw his long leathern thong or lasso, with its loop at the end, which catching the horns of two or three reindeer, brought them captive to their master.

Then a sledge was got out, and prepared for a journey;—not such a snug sort of carriage as the one Ivan and his father had just alighted from, but a mere frame of wood, into which a reindeer was quickly harnessed. A brace over its neck and a leathern girdle round its body, and the reins fastened to the horns; this was all the harness it required, so that it was soon ready for Ivan to have his first drive in a reindeer sledge. He had no objection to going with the Ostiak without his father, just to satisfy his curiosity; and so wrapped up in a large bear-skin, he was seated on the sledge, and the Ostiak taking the reins in one hand, and a kind of pole in the other, off they started. It was not riding, it was more like flying, and Ivan well nigh lost his breath. Up hill, down valley, over the smooth plain, or across the frozen

lake—it was all the same to the reindeer. Crack, crack, went its joints as they ran along, for it was neither a trot nor a gallop, but a fleet *run;* its light hoofs scarce making a trace on the hard snow as it flew over it.

The driver did not pull up his reins when he wanted to slacken its speed, for it would not have obeyed him if he had, as it flew onward, turning neither to the right nor left, and it seemed to Ivan as if it would have gone on for ever, if the Ostiak had not suddenly plunged his pole deep into the snow. Then with a shock the reindeer pulled up, and the sledge seemed to spin round, and Ivan would have been thrown out of it to a great distance if he had not held very fast to its frame. The reindeer was then loosed from its harness, and turned out to browze, its reins being left on its horns, however, and fastened to the pole stuck in the snow, for fear it should stray too far away. What was there for it to eat? Nothing but snow and the hard bark of the few pine trees that were scattered about here and there, for they were at the beginning of a forest.

Perhaps the reindeer only licked the snow to refresh itself? and yet it must be hungry. But the creature did not lick the snow here and there and anywhere, but only just at one particular spot, after putting its nose down as if to smell what lay beneath it; and then got at the food it sought after licking and scraping, now with its hoofs and now with its newly-sprouted horns; for

the reindeer sheds its horns and gets fresh ones every year, which, when they are new, serve well for shovelling away the snow, in order that the animals may get at their beloved moss beneath. And when the reindeer had eaten enough, it was harnessed to the sledge again, and off they all set again, and left that forest soon behind them. Up hill, down valley, across lake—on they went!

Ivan began to be afraid that they would never turn round again. He expressed his fears to the Ostiak perhaps, for to his surprise, his companion said they were going over the Ural Mountains—going to Russia, and that then Ivan could present a petition to the Emperor of Russia, to ask that his father might be set at liberty, and allowed to return to Poland. Ivan was delighted to hear this, and had no sort of objection, and would have been willing to go on and on for many a day, if getting his father's liberty was to be gained by it. And the reindeer, instead of slackening in its speed, only ran the faster; but every time they came to a forest the driver thrust his long pole into the ground, and they came to a sudden stoppage, in order that the deer might scrape away the snow and satisfy its hunger. In one of these stoppings Ivan was told by the Ostiak that if he was hungry himself, he had better go into the forest to see if he could find some berries to eat; and as Ivan *was* very hungry after his long ride, he did this, and soon wandered away to a great distance from the Ostiak and the sledge. He found berries of several

kinds, and ate them, but they did not seem to satisfy his hunger very much, so he kept going on farther and farther into the forest in search of more.

He had proceeded thus a great distance, when he thought he heard the sound of a child crying, and it occurred to him that it might be some little Ostiak baby, that had been hung to a branch of a tree and forgotten, and which he had just come in time to save. He followed the sound, passing through tangled bushes and thorny brambles, when to his surprise he came to the hollow trunk of a tree, in which, instead of a baby, were three little bear's cubs! The cry they made was just like that of a human being, so no wonder that he was mistaken. He stooped down, and took one of the cubs in his arms, when to his horror and astonishment, what should come trotting up but an enormous grisly she-bear, the mother of the cubs, who saluted him with a most terrific growl.

In his alarm Ivan dropped the cub, but luckily remembered just in time not to run away. He had heard that if you do not run away from it, a bear will not attack you, and so he stood quite still, the growl of the bear gradually sinking down into a long grunt, as she stooped and licked her little ones. Then Ivan remembered having heard from Katrina that the Ostiaks can tame a bear by dancing before it, and that the bear will end by imitating the dancing of the men. He accordingly began to caper and dance before it as nimbly as

he could, doing all the steps his mother had taught him—now a polka, then a mazurka, and then the twirl of a waltz; while it seemed to him as if his father's violin were sounding in his ear, and played the very tunes he had danced to so often. What was his delight, when all at once the bear raised herself on her hind legs and began to dance too! Now on this leg, and now on that, and then turning and twisting round and round. All at once she stopped and stood still, resting on her hind legs, and stretching out one of her shaggy paws to Ivan, who falling on his knees before her, took hold of the paw and kissed it respectfully. It was not a bear at all, but the Emperor of Russia! and Ivan was presenting a petition to him for his father's liberty. "Pardon! Pardon!" exclaimed he, "my father!" * * * * *

Ivan awoke;—it had been all a dream! By his bed-side stood his dear mother with a lamp in her hand, and she shook him as she awakened him saying, "Ivan, my boy, it is time for you to get up and dress, ready to go with your father to see the Ostiaks and reindeer. The sledge will soon be at the door."

THE FOREST FESTIVAL.

A SKETCH OF GERMAN LIFE.

FRANKFORT, on the River Maine, is a large and pleasant city in the centre of Germany, full of handsome streets and fine houses, and surrounded by public walks and gardens, in which, all through the spring, summer, and autumn, there is a gay succession of flowering-plants and shrubs, and such delightful shady nooks and avenues to sit and walk in, that people do not care so much about having

gardens to their own houses as we do in England. At first sight one would think that in Frankfort everybody was rich, and lived in a very large house; but this is not the case, since in this, as in most German towns, several families occupy the same house. Instead of people with moderate fortunes having a small house to themselves, they have one *flat* or storey of a very large house, consisting generally of six or seven large airy rooms, opening one into the other, and communicating with a great staircase, which, leading to the top of the house, is made use of in common by the inhabitants of the different floors. There is nothing uncomfortable in this way of living, but it is, on the contrary, pleasant not to have so many stairs to go up and down as we have in England; and there is less bustle and ringing of bells, for everybody and everything is near at hand, and within call or reach. Then the rooms themselves are generally very handsome and tastefully decorated, and the style of the furniture more elegant than in the houses of persons of the same rank in England. They are not, it is true, covered with rich carpets, and hung with heavy damask curtains, but the floors are of polished wood, and if the eye is in search of bright colours and patterns, they will be found on the walls and ceilings, which are often painted with graceful designs of flowers and foliage. One large and handsome rug will perhaps be placed before the sofa at the end of the room, and the windows hung only with elegant

muslin draperies; but in summer-time this helps to keep the rooms more airy and cool than ours, which the great door-like windows secure as well. What however in German sitting-rooms is most remarkable, is the manner in which they are ornamented very often with living plants and flowers. In some rooms ivy and other climbing plants will be trained round the window-frames and doors; whilst ornamented flower-vases are suspended in each window, and from the centre of the ceiling, from which hang long leafy trails and tendrils. A flower-loving lady will have the writing-table in the corner of her drawing-room so surrounded with climbing and creeping plants, that she sits there as if in a bower, and from the absence of dusty carpets, or the smoke from coal fires, these plants are as healthy as if in a greenhouse. And round the walls of such apartments as happen to belong to persons of taste, you will see nice pictures and prints, and here and there about the room casts, in bronze or plaster, of some of the celebrated statues by German sculptors, which serve to remind you that Germany is a country remarkable for its works of art. We do not forget either that Germany is a musical country, for there will be sure to be a piano in some corner of the room, on which it is quite as likely the gentleman plays as the ladies of the family; and perhaps on some table a "Zither," or kind of lute, on which both gentlemen and ladies play the national airs of Tyrol and Bavaria with very pretty effect.

But we will not give any further description of

German dwellings, but proceed to tell something of the lives of some children who lived in one of these houses. It does not always happen in Germany that people living in the different storeys of a house, know anything about each other; and it can very well occur that families may live for years under the same roof without ever making acquaintance with each other. In this case, however, the children belonging to the different storeys of a nice house, which looked on to the public promenades of Frankfort, knew each other very well, and often met together. A family of the name of Sternberg lived on the first floor, of which the children were two girls and a boy,—Ida, Bertha, and Max Sternberg were their names. On the next floor lived Malvina and Roderich Willmar, with their parents; and on the third or upper floor lived a little girl called Elma Weber, with an aunt, who was a great invalid.

Max Sternberg and Roderich Willmar went to the same school each day, and were only to be seen when they came home in the evenings, and on half-holidays; but none of the girls went to school. At certain hours masters and mistresses came to give them lessons, and at others they went to attend classes at the houses of their teachers. Some of these lessons Malvina and Elma came down to take with the Sternbergs, and others they took in the same teacher's house, so that the girls often met together during the day; and when lessons were over, would often have a play together in the

little garden in which the house stood, or take a country walk together. But they really were very busy, and had a great deal to prepare for all their masters and mistresses. Very early in the mornings of summer the girls would go with their nurse to the swimming school at the side of the Maine, and there, dressed in a particular costume for the purpose, would learn, first with bladders, and afterwards without, to swim like so many fishes. The boys went to their swimming school also, and were excellent divers. After breakfast, perhaps, there would be a singing class to attend, and the little girls would first sing together all kinds of exercises for the voice, and then pretty choruses and part songs; or at other times they would have to sing at sight some little air, which was written in chalk on a great board; or each pupil brought with her a little slip of music paper, on which she had arranged a certain number of notes in a certain manner, so as to make a tune; and this they called *composing*, and were very proud if their tunes sounded prettily, when they were sung by themselves or others. Then as the clock struck to let them know that the hour was over, (for all lessons in Germany occupy an hour,) and being dismissed by the singing mistress, the little girls would tie on their bonnets, and put on their little mantles, and go off to a drawing lesson it may be, where besides drawing from copies, they would have casts in chalk to draw from, and all kinds of natural objects, such as leaves, and flowers, and fruit to copy, and put into pretty

groups together. And the drawing hour over, there would perhaps be some Monsieur *this* or Mademoiselle *that* to return home to, who, in ten minutes time, would be in attendance to give them a French lesson. The Sternbergs, Willmars, and Elma Weber would then walk together home through the promenades, as the public gardens are called, chatting merrily about their past drawing lesson, or comparing notes about the French lesson to come. Their French composition! Ah, that was always such a difficulty, and it was so seldom that any of them got *trés bien* written at the end of it; and the French verses of poetry they had to learn and to pronounce correctly—that was still worse; for lips and tongues which have always spoken German, find it difficult sometimes to give the right sound to French syllables. So each was glad when the anxieties of the French lesson were over.

By that time perhaps it would be dinner-time, for in Germany everybody dines at the very early hour of one o'clock. Putting away all their books, portfolios, copy-books, bags, bonnets, and mantillas, the eldest of the girls would then have to lay the cloth for dinner. Yes indeed! however much it may surprise little English girls to hear it, this is the custom in most German families, even when quite in easy, or it may be wealthy circumstances. The eldest daughters generally perform this little domestic office, and do it moreover in a very neat and delicate manner. Close to the dining-room, perhaps, is an ante-room, in which there are closets, where

are kept all the china, glass, and plate, and the beautiful damask table-cloths and napkins, so that the affair is managed quickly and nicely, and quite as a matter of course by the young ladies in preference to a servant, who only brings in the soup tureen and dishes of meat and vegetables. And at dinner-time it is seldom a servant waits, but the family sitting side by side round a *round* table, pass the dishes to each other, and every one helps himself, and all is very simply and quietly arranged. Dinner being over, then the young ladies clear away the things; one coming round first of all with a basket, in which she places the table napkins, which have been previously folded up by each person, and confined by his or her own particular little silver or ivory ring, or silk-embroidered band. There is no dessert, for the last dish that went round was fruit of some kind, and even the papa and mamma drink no wine but what they take during dinner.

After dinner the boys would go off to school again, and the girls sit down to practice on the piano, or prepare for some master coming to give a lesson that afternoon; or the lesson being well prepared, are able to indulge themselves in doing a little bit of embroidery, or knitting, or *crotchet* work, having generally some little present in hand for the birthday of a relation or friend; while as young people in Germany learn to knit stockings for themselves, there is always one in progress, to which at all odd times they can add a few rounds of stitches. Then at four o'clock came the

coffee-drinking time, which corresponds to our tea. A nice white damask napkin was then laid by one of the girls on a table in the drawing-room, and coffee, cakes, and bread and butter were served up, of which every one partook, and after which the working and studying part of the day was considered over. Then was the time for merry games of play in the garden, long walks in the country, or saunterings through the pleasant promenades. Something or other must be done nearly every evening that was pleasant and sociable; but it was the greatest treat of all when a nice walking party was made up of friends and neighbours, and all sallied forth to some pretty spot in the outskirts of the town, where supper or some kind of refreshment would be taken in a public garden, of which there are always such numbers near every German town, besides the one quite close to the town where a band plays every evening. And even if the young people did not go out to walk, there would always be some little plan about supper at home. If the weather were fine and warm, they would take it in the garden in a little sort of arbour in the corner, or have it laid in the verandah in front of the house, where they could sit and look at all the gay company in the promenades, and never in the least care for being looked at in their turn.

One of the pleasures of the Sternbergs and Willmars arose out of their belonging to a little society of children of their own age, who met at each other's houses once a week; such societies being

called "circles." Everybody almost belongs to such a *circle* in the towns. The gentlemen have their "circles," where they meet to smoke and talk; the ladies their "circles," where they meet at each other's houses alternately, to drink coffee and work whilst they gossip together; and the children, in imitation of their papas and mammas, have thus their own "circles," where they meet to play over their pieces of music to each other, and play games, and sometimes the little society or circle which began to meet when the members were little children, will go on assembling week after week, month after month, and year after year, until the most of them are married, and even then until they are become quite old men and women.

We will tell, however, no more about the general habits of our little German friends, but begin to relate some portion of their history from one particular day.

It was past four o'clock in the afternoon, one day early in spring, when Ida and Bertha Sternberg, having finished their lessons for the day, and taken their coffee, put on their bonnets ready for a game of play in the garden, where they had appointed to meet Malvina Willmar, and Elma Weber. It was but a small piece of ground, this garden of theirs, and had little in it but a few shrubs and patches of grass-plot; but what with the shrubs and the arbour, and the four corners of the house, and the pillars of the verandah, and stone steps to the doorway, it made an excellent place for

hide and seek—that kind of hide and seek especially in which the hider rushes out to try and catch the seekers. There was no game which these children liked so well as this, besides it was almost the only one that they ever got the boys to join them in.

"If we only begin a game, I am sure the boys will join us when they come home," said Ida Sternberg. "Ah, here comes Malvina; dear Malvina, I am so glad you are come. But where is Elma? We must have Elma to make four, or it will never do."

"Oh, Elma cannot come. She ran down to speak to me on the stairs just now," said Malvina. "Her aunt wants her, or she has some lesson to do: I forget what she said."

"Just like Elma! She is such a tiresome little creature. She never can come when one particularly wants her."

"I dare say it is her purse that she is making for her brother Hermann's birthday," said Bertha Sternberg. She told me she was in such a hurry to finish it, and—let me see—yes! I am nearly sure she said that Hermann's birthday was at Whitsuntide."

"Whitsuntide! And will he have a vacation, and come home at Whitsuntide, do you think? I do so want to see Hermann Weber. You know the last time he was at home, I was ill, and I only just heard his voice one day on the stairs as he passed our door," said Ida.

"And you never heard him play on the piano? Ah, he plays so beautifully!" said Malvina. "When the windows are open in summer we hear him quite plainly."

"Well, I never knew whether it might not be Elma's fondness for Hermann, that made her talk so much about his playing. She is quite ridiculous, always, in making him out so wonderfully clever and good," said Bertha.

"I never think of praising Max so much to other people," said Ida, "and I dare say he is quite as good as Hermann; and will be quite as clever, when he is as old, and goes, like Hermann, to the Gymnasium, at Hanau."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Malvina, "but this is certain, that our cousin Leopold, who is at Hanau, always says Hermann Weber is a great favourite there."

"He is not like his sister then, I should say," said Ida, "such a shy little reserved thing; one can never get on with her. Think of her refusing to join our circle, though we have all asked her to join us. She will be sorry by-and-bye, when she grows older, and finds herself in no circle at all, and never invited to any of the coffee parties."

"Oh, Elma will have no time for visiting when she grows up, for she says she means to give lessons and live with Hermann, who is to be a doctor, or lawyer, or professor of some kind, after he has finished at Hanau, and been to the university at Heidelberg or Bonn."

"Now, Bertha, you should not have repeated that; you know Elma told you that as a great secret one day. It is too bad of you."

"Not at all; so that I do not tell her aunt it cannot matter. But here comes Elma at last, I do believe."

"I am so glad you are all here," said Elma, quite out of breath with running down stairs, from the very top of the house. "I thought you would like to see my purse, now that I have finished it and sewed on the tassels. Is it not pretty?"

"Ah, lovely! *all* lovely! most beautiful! *too* beautiful!" were the expressions of the little girls as they crowded round to look at it. Never had they seen a prettier purse, and all were quite astonished at Elma having done it so well. They would have liked to have taken it into their hands, just to examine how the *crotchet* stitch was done, but Elma begged everybody not to touch it, as she wanted it to be quite fresh and unsoiled for Hermann. She was in a hurry, too, for Kätchen, her aunt's servant, was out, and she must put on the soup to warm for her aunt's supper herself; so she ran away again, before they had looked at the purse half as much as they wanted.

"Now is not that just like Elma?—being in such a hurry to run away," said Malvina. "She always makes out that she has something to do for her aunt."

"Ah, yes, just like Elma. But don't you see

it was all to prevent me from looking at the stitch, and finding out how it was done? She knows quite well that I want to do my purse in the same way."

"Ah, *so!* I did not think of that; but here are Max and Roderich; how hot and tired they look! I hope they have brought home some flowers to shew us."

Now Max and Roderich were not coming home from school, for it was a half-holiday; but they had been taking a long walk into the country with their school-fellows and one of their teachers. They had all been in search of wild-flowers, ready for their lesson on botany the next morning, and each of the boys had a tin case or botanical box slung at his back, in which he brought home his flowers and plants quite fresh and perfect, ready for examination. They had brought home this day some lovely tufts of Wood Sorrel and a pretty White Saxifrage, and plenty of such Oxlips and Wild Hyacinths, Primroses and Violets, as we find on our banks, and in our fields and woods in early spring. But what the girls were most pleased of all to see, was a large bunch of what they called "May-herb,"* with which the people all over Germany in spring make themselves what they call "May-drink," which is a sort of punch, flavoured by this sweet-smelling herb. They remembered having enjoyed so much the bowls of May-drink their fathers had made in former years,

* In English, Woodruff; in Latin, *Asperula odorata.*

and longed to taste it again, that it might make them feel quite sure that May had returned, and summer was at hand. Malvina Willmar proposed all at once that they should petition their mother to let them have some May-drink that very evening at supper; and then she ran away, not only to ask this, but to beg that she might be allowed to invite the Sternbergs to come and sup with them.

The children waited in great suspense till she returned, for Ida and Bertha were rather afraid that Frau Willmar might be going to the opera that evening, as their own mamma was, on purpose to hear a new singer. But no such unlucky chance happened. Frau Willmar was quite ready to make them a bowl of May-drink, as she was not going out, and had oranges and the right kind of wine in the house ready for it; and the cook was to make some pancakes, of which all the children were so fond, and which, eaten with salad, was one of their most favourite suppers.

The Sternbergs and Willmars therefore parted only to meet again at eight o'clock. Malvina had a great deal to do, for, as a matter of course, she would undertake many of the little preparations for receiving their guests. The table had to be set out for the large party that would take their places round it, and the great china bowl, that had not been used since the preceding spring, had to be brought out and well dusted, and the eggs had to be beaten for the pancakes, and the salad

to be mixed. Malvina was quite in a bustle, and only took breath when at last all was quite ready and the lamp lighted and placed in the middle of the table, to send its light down upon the white china supper-service, in which everything was so daintily served, and which was laid out upon the still whiter damask table-cloth.

Then the door bell rung at the end of the vestibule into which all the rooms opened, which door is the same as a street door to an English house. The Sternbergs came in, and the joyous children were soon seated round the supper-table, talking, and laughing, and busy eating. The pancakes were excellent, and so was the May-drink, with its slices of orange floating about in it among the green leaves and tiny star-like flowers of the May-herb, which had given to the wine a flavour like the scent of new-mown hay.

The children were so merry after supper that nothing would satisfy them but a dance, and tired as Max and Roderich had been with their long walk, they were quite ready, too, for a waltz, when Frau Willmar, who played very nicely, sat down to the piano and played some of their most favourite waltz tunes. They had had one or two rounds of a waltz when Ida Sternberg came up to Malvina and whispered to her, that when she had run down stairs home, to get a pair of gloves ready for dancing instead of her mittens, she had seen Elma Weber standing on the upper staircase to listen to the music. "She looks so dull, poor

thing, and I dare say her aunt has gone to bed, and does not want her any longer."

Malvina stopped her mamma in the middle of a waltz, to beg permission to ask Elma down to have a dance with them, and leave being quickly given, Elma was soon of the party, looking so pleasant and happy. She surprised Bertha, too, by bringing down with her a *crotchet*-needle and card of silk, on purpose that she might shew her the purse-stitch that she wanted to learn, which little kindness made Bertha quite change her mind about Elma that very evening; and, her opinion changing, the others forgot their little prejudices, and were very friendly with Elma, and in the intervals of the dances got round her to hear all that they could about her brother Hermann.

Elma chatted away, and was ready to tell all that they wanted to hear. It was quite true that he was expected next week—the very next Saturday, and on Sunday they would perhaps go to the Main-Lust Gardens; and Tuesday was the day of the Whitsuntide "Volks-fest," or "People's Festival," as they all knew; and Elma did so hope that Hermann would take her to the forest.

Now on the Tuesday at Whitsuntide it is the custom of all the inhabitants of Frankfort to go out into a forest, which is on the other side of the Maine, to "*Pic-nic*" under the great beech and fir trees, amusing themselves with dancing, games, and music and singing. Everybody goes;—young and old, rich and poor; so of course the Sternbergs

were going, and the Willmars too, and they were quite glad to be able to settle that very evening all about the time and manner of going; and every one hoped that Elma and Hermann Weber would be able to join their party. They settled even what games they would play at, and what part of the forest they would go to, and above all what good things they would each carry in their baskets for the meal that was to be taken on the grass; and what with all this talk, and a merry cotillion that they danced, the Sternbergs were enjoying themselves so much, that they quite forgot the hour, and were surprised indeed when a servant came up to say that their mamma had been returned from the theatre some time, and that it was actually as late as ten o'clock, and quite time for them to come home and go to bed.

After that evening Bertha Sternberg and Elma Weber became great friends, and very intimate over the learning and teaching of the *crotchet* stitch. Elma even ventured one day to invite Bertha to come up to her aunt's apartments to work at her purse under her superintendence, whilst her aunt was lying down between dinner and coffee-time, as she usually did. Now none of the other children had ever been into Elma's home before, and when Bertha came back she had a great deal to tell about it all, and a secret or two for them to keep about what she had discovered. In the first place she had been quite surprised to see how very pretty the rooms were, and how beautiful the prospect

was from the windows—on one side with a view over the town, and on the other over the open country to the Taunus mountains. Bertha thought it was worth while living on the third storey, and having to climb up so many stairs when you could see such a view as that all day. But while she liked Elma's home almost better than her own, she had found out a secret about Elma, which had made her feel very sorry for her, and particularly sorry, too, that they had ever judged her harshly, for Bertha had discovered that Elma's aunt was not very kind to her, and was the cause of her not joining their "circle," and keeping so often away from them. She was evidently very strict with Elma, and made her terribly afraid of doing anything to displease her. No wonder that Elma longed for the time when she should live with Hermann, or even for the time when he would come to live with her aunt for a year or two, for that would make her life much happier; especially as her aunt was very fond of her nephew, and would do anything in the world that he asked her: even about going to the Forest at Whitsuntide, on the day of the "People's Festival," Elma had not dared to speak to her aunt, and it all depended upon Hermann coming home to get the matter settled beforehand: he would soon coax her aunt into giving her consent; whilst if Elma said anything now about it, she would perhaps refuse her permission.

But Elma was very happy at the thought of Hermann coming home on the following Saturday,

and full of the pleasure of offering her present to him on his birthday. Her aunt had had a volume of Schiller's poems, beautifully bound for him as her present, and Kätchen, the old servant, who was so fond of Hermann, had bought him a silk handkerchief out of her savings, which was really very handsome. All that Elma wanted now was some nice flowers for his birthday bouquet; but she should go with Kätchen into the market early on Saturday morning, and buy the very best that she could find, and she had a whole "half florin" ready to spend on them. And when the flowers were ready it was planned that Bertha was to come up to Fraulein Weber's storey to help her to arrange them.

Once or twice during the week before Whitsuntide, the girls were tempted to speak against Elma, as they had been accustomed to do formerly, owing to her being so much more successful in one or two of her lessons than themselves. One particular French lesson, especially, Elma had done so remarkably well, that their master wrote at the end of it, "*sans fautes*," whilst all the rest of the class had made many mistakes. It was really quite difficult to believe that Elma had not been assisted by some one; but Bertha reminded them in time, just as they were getting angry, that Elma was not likely to have been helped by her old aunt, and that it was perhaps because she was so quiet and uninterrupted as she did her lessons, that made them so correct. Bertha thought it quite right to

defend Elma, now that she was in her confidence.

Saturday came, and long before breakfast the Sternbergs from their windows saw Elma setting off with Kätchen, and her great basket, to go to market. Bertha took care also to be at the window when they came back, and Elma held up in triumph an immense bouquet of flowers, as much as to say that she had been very successful in getting "*such beauties*," while she nodded and smiled. Bertha soon after was admitted secretly into Elma's own bed-room, and then into the little room next to it, which Hermann was to occupy. A table was set out and covered with a beautiful damask napkin, and the flowers were arranged as tastefully as they could place them in a china vase, and before it on the table were laid the book, the purse, and the silk handkerchief, each with a label on it, with the giver's good wishes very prettily expressed. Bertha was only so sorry that she and Ida and Max did not know Hermann well enough to offer him a present on his birthday too, as the table ought to have been better covered. She was almost sorry after she had said this to Elma, for it made the tears come into her eyes to think that Hermann had no other relations but herself and her aunt.

"Ah! if Hermann's father and mother had only been alive, what nice presents he would have had," said she; and she did not seem to remember just then how much happier she would have been herself, if she had had a papa and mamma to love

her and take care of her.

The Sternbergs and Willmars looked out of their windows that day, to watch for Hermann's arrival, almost as frequently as Elma did herself; but he never came. As the hours passed over, and evening approached without his appearing, poor Elma was in terrible anxiety, and it was only relieved by her receiving a letter from him to explain the cause of his absence. It was after dark when a ring came at her aunt's door, and so sure was she that it must be Hermann, that, when the tall letter-carrier stepped into the vestibule to look at the direction by the light of the lamp, she actually ran forward, thinking how very much Hermann must have grown. How she was disappointed! But by the time she had read her letter quite through she was resigned and satisfied. It was to say that some of his friends at Hanau, having found out that it was his birthday, had planned to have a supper to celebrate it, and had joined together to present him with such a beautiful copy of all Beethoven's Sonatas—just what Elma knew he had wished for so much, for he was passionately fond of Beethoven's music. And all this had been kept a secret from him until quite the last, or he would have written before. And his young friends, too, had arranged a long walking excursion to the Taunus Mountains for Sunday and Monday, so that Elma must not expect him till Tuesday, but that he had got a holiday for all the rest of the week, which he

should spend with her and his aunt.

Poor Elma drew a deep sigh at first, as she read all this, but very soon was able to stifle her own feeling of disappointment in the thought of all the pleasure Hermann was having. How pleased and proud, too, she ought to be, at seeing how he was liked at the Gymnasium! and she really was proud and gratified to have to tell Bertha Sternberg all about it the next morning; though it was vexing to think that their preparations in Hermann's little room were all thrown away, and that the flowers would be dead before he came home. It was not so easy, too, for Elma to persuade her aunt to be as soon reconciled as herself to the disappointment. For the first time in his life, almost, she was angry with Hermann, and offended. It was ungrateful of him, she said, to prefer staying at Hanau to coming to her, and she would not listen to any of Elma's apologies and excuses.

That Sunday was a sad dull day to Elma, for in the afternoon her aunt went with a party of friends to take coffee in the *Main-Lust* Gardens, and left her behind, so that she had nothing to do but sit at the window which looked over to the Taunus Mountains, and think to herself of Hermann enjoying himself in the beautiful country among them, getting rare wild flowers, and picking up curious minerals, and looking at beautiful views. Then she arranged over again the flowers on his table, and took out all the faded ones, and tried

to persuade herself that the others would last until Tuesday. And she amused herself, too, in watching from the front windows, the flock of gaily-dressed people that were walking in the promenades, and the carriages full of them that drove past in the road. The Sternbergs and Willmars had all gone out, and she and old Kätchen were almost the only persons left in the great house.

And if Sunday seemed a long dull day to Elma, so did Monday, and she felt Hermann's absence all the more because she could not in the least tell about going to the forest the next day. She could not make any arrangements with the Sternbergs about it, for her aunt never said a word on the subject, and Elma began to fear that after all perhaps even when Hermann came she would forbid her going. The other children, now that they knew how matters stood with Elma and her aunt, did not blame her for her uncertainty, and were only the more anxious that she and Hermann should be of the party.

Tuesday came, and was a finer day than almost any one could remember to have had for the "*Volks-fest*" in the forest. All the town seemed astir, and everyone was going in the direction of the ferry over the Maine. All the morning there was a great bustle going on in the kitchens on the Sternbergs' and Willmars' floors—a great making of cakes and cutting of sandwiches, and packing up into baskets all sorts of good things, which were to be taken to the forest by Frau Sternberg.

in her carriage, while the rest of the party walked there. Half a dozen messages were sent backwards and forwards between Elma and Bertha, about their hopes and fears, but Elma could not once get down to speak about them. Her aunt had taken it into her head to have all the ornaments in her drawing-room dusted that day, and Elma's assistance was wanted so constantly, that it was only now and then that she could run to a front window to take a hasty glance along the road, to see if there were any signs of Hermann, or scribble a little pencil note for Kätchen to give to the Sternbergs' cook when she met her on the stairs. What made her still more impatient for Hermann to come, was, that the Sternbergs and Willmars were going to dine very early, and start directly afterwards for the forest, and who could tell how very long it might take them to persuade her aunt to let her go, when her head was so full of her china ornaments and glass shades, and when the reconciliation with Hermann must be gone through first?

Twelve o'clock came; and as Elma heard it struck by all the clocks of the town, it seemed to strike upon her heart, too. She got terribly anxious. She knew the others were at dinner, for she could perceive the smell of soup as it came up from the open windows: at half-past twelve they would all start. Just about that time she grew quite hopeless about Hermann's coming in time, even if he came at all, and she ran down to say this to Bertha, and to beg that they would not attempt to wait for her.

Something must have happened to detain Hermann which he could not possibly prevent, and her aunt was so very cross (this she said quite in a whisper to Bertha) that even if he came now, she did not think that she should be allowed to go. With her eyes full of tears, Elma kissed the two girls, and wished them all a pleasant day, and then hurried up stairs again, not trusting herself to say more. Bertha Sternberg ran after her, however, and overtook her before she had reached her aunt's door. It was worth while, she said, just to let Elma know exactly the part of the forest they meant to have their *pic-nic* in, in case she and Hermann should come after all. Just behind the forester's house, by a certain bank, they would all be found. Elma knew the spot well; but she shook her head mournfully, for she had no hope whatever of getting to the forest that day. She went to her own little room, and from the window, with eyes blinded by tears, she saw them all start. Frau Sternberg and Frau Willmar went in the carriage, with all the baskets and hampers of wine-glasses and coffee-cups, and they would drive the long way round to the forest, and across the bridge over the Maine; whilst Herr Sternberg and Herr Willmar took care of the party of walkers. Ah! it was such a pleasure to the children to have their fathers with them that day, for they seldom saw them in general except quite in the evening. It was enough in itself to make them merry, to say nothing of the delightful feeling it was to find

themselves amongst such a stream of people, all going to enjoy themselves as well as they. They had a pleasant walk through the promenades, which were now looking so gay, not merely from the smartly-dressed people that were crowding through them, but from the many blossoming trees and shrubs, and all the fresh and varied greens of the foliage, which seemed as if the very trees had put on their best and gayest dresses for this spring Festival. And talking and laughing they reached the Maine quay and the steps of the landing-place, where were all the ferry-boats for crossing the river. They had to wait some time before one could be obtained for their large party, such a crowd of people were being ferried over; but when at last the children had stepped into one of the boats and taken their seats under the gaily-striped awning, their joy was quite complete. Nothing could be more delightful than that little voyage across the broad river, amid such numbers of boats full of other parties, and such a merry sound of the talking and laughter of hundreds of people. They were so happy that it made the girls remember poor Elma left behind at home. "Poor Elma!" was repeated by all the party in turn, with various tones of regret.

What a curious sight to them was the immense crowd of people that they found assembled in the forest! Thousands and thousands of people, as we said before, of poor and rich, young and old. It seemed to them as if no one could be left in

Frankfort, except just the one or two persons they happened to know themselves. At the entrance of the forest they passed the place where a number of fires were lighted in brick stoves, for boiling kettles and making coffee; and they saw people running in every direction with bowls of "May-drink" and salad, and parties for evermore seated round their dinners spread on the moss-covered ground. Then the crowd grew thicker and thicker, and they came upon groups of musicians and mountebanks, and long lines of carriages drawn up, from which well-packed provision-baskets were being handed, or in which parties were seated to take their refreshments. And all ranks of people were there, and though there were plenty of fashionably-dressed ladies, the peasant women, and shopkeepers' wives of Frankfort, made quite as great a show of bright and varied colours,—so smart were their caps, and so brilliant the dyes of their petticoats and handkerchiefs. And all was made brighter and gayer by the sunshine that penetrated through the tender green leaves of the beech trees overhead, and the patches of blue sky, seen through spaces amid the branches of the firs and pines, whilst here and there through wider openings might be seen the softer purple of the distant mountains.

Herr Sternberg led the way with difficulty through the busy crowd, but he steered on steadily, now up one wood-path, and now down another, till they came to the part where they had agreed

to settle, and after a little hunting, fell in with the two mammas and the carriage. Then a nice quiet little nook was found, quite apart from the crowd, where a turfy bank afforded the ladies a seat, and where the canopy of leaves was thick overhead. There was a spring, too, not far off, where the boys could fetch them water, and the moss which covered the ground was as soft and smooth as the richest green velvet. And here, after various ramblings about, the young portion of the party all mustered by-and-bye, and found the provisions most daintily set out for their afternoon meal, and Herr Sternberg busily engaged in making their bowl of May-drink, which every-one had, as a matter of course, that day. And a certain head-dress must be worn, too, that day, and the girls had not failed to prepare them. These were little garlands or chaplets of the beech leaves, fastened together very ingeniously with the needle-shaped leaflets of the fir; and, slinging their bonnets up on the branches of the trees, in the absence of mirrors the girls arranged for each other their chaplets on their smoothly-braided hair, in the most becoming manner. The boys, too, had their caps decorated with these garlands, and the papas were also obliged to comply with the universal request that they would wear them, and as Herr Sternberg had a very merry round face, he flattered himself that he made a capital representation of Bacchus, as he sat crossed-legged on the turf, crowned with his chaplet, and

ladling out the punch.

Their little repast had begun, which, though neither dinner nor supper, everybody was ready for, and the glasses of May-drink, and plates of cake were being handed round, when suddenly—before they were aware that anybody had approached their party—from behind the trunk of a great beech tree appeared Elma Weber, leaning on the arm of her brother Hermann! Elma looking so smiling and happy, in her best frock and bonnet, and Hermann Weber so tall and handsome, in his black velvet jacket, which fitted him so jauntily, and his crimson student cap, which he lifted from his head to make them all such graceful and courteous bows. Everybody was delighted to see them, and, stranger as Hermann was to most of the party, clapped their hands with delight, and shouted a welcome. Then Elma overcame her usual shyness, in order to introduce Hermann properly to her friends' parents, and, this ceremony gone through, she began to tell the girls in breathless eagerness, how Hermann had arrived not more than five minutes after they started, and how he had overcome all his aunt's vexation with him, and coaxed her into letting Elma dress herself and start with him to the forest. "My aunt could not withstand Hermann, when he pleaded for me so earnestly, and looked so well and good-natured," said Elma; and no one wondered at it.

Hermann and Elma were soon seated among

them, and were clinking their glasses of May-drink against those of all the party, which is the German manner of drinking healths,—both adorned with the wreath of beech leaves which had been provided for them, in the faint hope that they might come to wear them; and Hermann was soon as intimate and familiar with them all as if he had known them all his life, and told jokes, and sung songs, and was the merriest of the party. Then the young people left the old ones to finish their bowl of May-drink, and selecting a little open space among the trees near at hand, began to play at all kinds of merry games. And they played with such zeal and spirit that a crowd collected to watch them, and some acquaintances came up and joined them, so that by the time a wandering party of musicians happened to come that way, there was quite a large party ready for a dance. And a charming dance they had on that soft green sward, equal, they all thought, to the gayest ball they had ever been at! They began in proper style, with the slow-measured Polonaise—couple after couple threading in and out among the trees—and then had waltzes, polkas, mazurkas, and quadrilles; and, lastly, a long lengthened-out cotillion, the figures of which they invented as they went on.

The sun had set, and two or three signals were given by the elder ones, before the young dancers were ready to leave off, and prepare for the walk home. But after all, that walk home was the

best part of the affair. It was such a lovely evening, and the forest was all in a glow from the reflection of the rosy sky in the west;—and this had scarcely faded away before the round silver ball of a full moon began to rise in the east. And as they threaded again all the long open avenues and narrower wood-paths, what streams of merry people went with them, all bending their steps back to Frankfort again.

As they went on, arm in arm, the papas, Hermann, and the boys taking good care of the girls, so that they never got separated in the crowd, they had all sorts of merry jokes among themselves; and every now and then Hermann would begin some student-song, either in honour of the "fatherland," as the Germans call their country, or in praise of the Rhine, which, being well known to everybody, not only their own party would join in chorus, but hundreds of other voices would take it up, each singing the part which best suited his voice, and the whole making a fine rich harmony, which resounded on all sides through the evening air. As they ferried back across the Maine again, with the silvery moon that fell upon the rippling water, so beautiful to watch, and the gleaming lights from bridge and city, so curious to observe, together with the sense of their pleasure coming to a close, the childrens' voices were at length hushed almost to whispers. But the whispers were to say to each other how happy they had been, and how much they wished that for many and many a year

the same party might come to the forest again at Whitsuntide.

That day was indeed ever a happy one to look back upon by all the party. The Sternbergs and Willmars used to remember it as the time when they first knew Hermann Weber, of whom they all grew so fond: and as for Elma, she always called it the very happiest day of her life, so proud and pleased had she felt to make Hermann known to them all; and so certain she had felt by the kindness and friendliness of every one towards him that day, that *her* friends would become *his* for life.

THE LOST SLIPPER.

A TURKISH TALE.

QUITE unlike our streets and shops are the bazaars of Constantinople, or, as it is called by the Turks themselves, "Stamboul." Long narrow lanes are they, with counters on each side—the

counters formed of a flap, which lets down by day and shuts up at night, while another flap or kind of shutter forms a shelter from the sun and rain overhead, and shelves around contain the goods. There, cross-legged on the counter sits the shopman, smoking his pipe and waiting for customers —far too fond of his ease and quiet to trouble himself to recommend his wares, and only rousing himself, when asked their price, to demand more than twice their value. In these bazaars are sold all the most valuable merchandise in the world. The silks, ivory, and precious stones of the East, brought over-land on camels' backs in caravans; coffee, sugar, and spices, from over sea in ships from Arabia and Ceylon; the beautiful stuffs and shawls of Circassia, and Cashmere from the shores of the Black Sea;—all these things, together with many of the choicest goods of Europe, are to be found piled up in rich profusion in the bazaars of Constantinople; and you may thread through miles of these narrow lanes of shops, and never come to an end—each long lane being filled on each side with shops containing the same kind of goods. In one will be found the shops in which silks and satins are sold, in another the jewellers' shops, and in another the shops where boots, and shoes, and slippers are to be sold. Thus it is of the shoe and slipper bazaar that we have now to tell, and as you pass down the narrow street and turn first this side and that, you see stalls of every kind of shoe and slipper that are

to be had in the world. There can be found the yellow Morocco slippers, so much worn by the Turks; embroidered slippers in gold and silver from Damascus; delicate cashmere slippers, worked in all the colours of the rainbow; Spanish leather boots and shoes; the last new fashions in kid and satin shoes and *brodequins* from Paris; India-rubber coloshes and overshoes from America, down to downright English boots and shoes of leather and prunella, with thick soles and hob-nailed heels.

Along the shoe bazaar, one morning, just about marketing time, came the fat and wealthy Hussein Bey, rolling along, and looking from side to side, followed by his faithful servant Mulek, who in shopping excursions always attended his master, to carry his purse and purchases. Hussein Bey was that morning on the look out for a pair of the most costly and beautifully embroidered tiny little slippers that he could find—small enough to fit the foot of little Sulima, his only daughter. The fact was, that Sulima in two or three days was going to be bethrothed to Selim, the son of Hussein Bey's neighbour and friend, Achmet Bey, (Bey is a title of Turkish gentlemen,) and there was to be a grand entertainment in honour of the occasion, at which Sulima was to be shewn off to her future father-in-law. It did not matter about shewing her to the young Selim, her future husband, because it would be time enough for him to see her when they were married; but Sulima was to be dressed in all her best, and introduced to

her father-in-law, and if he approved, the marriage contract would be signed that very day, and a few years after the young couple would be married.

Now Sulima's best dress was something very splendid, for her father was very rich, and at the same time no one liked fine clothes better than his little daughter. First of all there was her tunic of blue satin embroidered with silver, and worn over an under garment of the finest India muslin, fringed round with delicate gold fringe, and a scarf of rich crimson cashmere, with a heavy fringe of gold and pearls, was worn around her waist; a veil of silver gauze fell from the top of her head, and little gold coins were woven in the braids of her hair, with a bunch of feather flowers and a net of pearls, and diamond ear-rings, and trousers of pink silk, and——but we cannot describe one half of the fine things that Sulima was to wear, nor can we describe just yet her slippers, for it so happened that she had none that were at all suited to wear on such an occasion; and it was this which brought her father on this particular morning to the shoe bazaar in Stamboul, to purchase one of the very smartest pairs that could be found. He passed along the narrow crowded passage between the gay stalls, and his eyes sharply scanned the goods on each side as he waddled along. At last he caught sight of a pair of slippers that seemed small enough for Sulima's little feet, and smart enough to please his fancy. These tiny little slippers were of rich

crimson satin, embroidered with gold, and sprinkled over here and there with small seed pearls, which formed stars and flowers. Nothing could be prettier, and it was no wonder that the shopman, after giving two or three puffs to his pipe, should name for them a very high price. Hussein Bey, however, did not pay that price, nor even the half of it; but nevertheless he laid down a considerable number of piastres before the slippers were his, to carry off to little Sulima at home.

There was quite an excitement that day in the Harem, or women's apartments, of Hussein Bey's house, when these pretty little slippers were shewn to Sulima and her attendants, and tried on. Her old nurse was in raptures with them. She declared that there was not a Bey's daughter in the whole of Stamboul who could boast of such a pair, and certainly among all the pretty slippers that Sulima had ever had, none were ever to be compared to them. It made her black eyes sparkle with delight; and when once the slippers were fairly fitted on, nothing could induce her to take them off again. She would wear them all day, she said; and, what was more, she should wear them that very afternoon in a ride she was going to take in her *araba* (or carriage) to the Valley of Sweet Waters,* and all the ladies and little girls in Stamboul should see her new slippers. In vain old Fatma, her nurse, remonstrated, and urged that the slippers

* So called from a river running through it on its way to the sea.

must be kept for the day of betrothal, and worn then for the first time. No! Little Sulima was not one to listen to reason; neither was she one to give up a fancy when once formed, so that very afternoon she set off in her *araba*, wrapped in a large black sort of cloak, called a *feridjhe*, and with a veil hanging over her face, which just left her eyes visible, called a *yashmac*, (not unlike a muslin apron hung before her face,) off she set in her new crimson slippers, embroidered with gold and seed pearls, upon her little feet.

The carriages or *arabas* of Constantinople are curious-looking vehicles, generally of gaily-painted and gilded wood outside, with curtains of silk and soft cushions within, on which the Turkish ladies recline. Sulima was so proud of her new slippers that she would gladly have hung her feet out of the open door-ways of the carriage, to shew them to everyone, if she could, but as she was not allowed even to shew her face when she went abroad, it was not likely that she could be allowed to do what even an English little girl would scarcely think of attempting, with all her freedom of action; but no sooner had she left her carriage at the Valley of Sweet Waters, and got upon the soft green turf at the sides of the stream, than she peeped out from behind her *yashmac* every time she met any one, to see if they looked down at her gay slippers. It was a gay and brilliant scene that day at the Valley of Sweet Waters, for it was a Mahommedan holiday or fête-day, and all Stam-

boul had come out to the beautiful spot to enjoy the cool shade and fresh air of the valley. Hundreds of *arabas* brought thousands of women and children, rich and poor, to saunter about on the green turf, sit under the shade of the trees, drink Sherbet and eat cakes and sweetmeats. How the white veils fluttered, and how the ladies, wrapped in their black *feridjhes*, gossipped and chatted in groups, and discussed all the scandal of Stamboul, while the children skipped and played about, much as children do in every land. Suddenly, however, what had been but a small black cloud, no larger than a Musselman's turban, as it hung over the Bosphorus, had been driven up by a south wind, and gathered and spread till it darkened the sky, veiling the bright afternoon sun, and breaking at last into heavy rain. At the first drops that fell, what a commotion was made in the Valley of Sweet Waters! Such running and scrambling to get into *arabas*, such screeching, and laughing, and hustling, and bustling to get under the shade of the thickest trees! Old Mulek and Fatma had no little difficulty in that crowd of carriages and people to get little Sulima back to hers, and to save her from the wet, the faithful Mulek caught her in his arms and carried her along. Panting and out of breath, Fatma thought herself very lucky, when at last they were seated safely in the *araba*, jogging back again to Stamboul. They were rattling over its uneven pavement, and not far from the house of Hussein Bey, before the terrible fact was discovered that

Sulima had lost one of her new slippers. "Allah! Mashallah!" exclaimed old Fatma, wringing her hands. "This comes of your having your own way," said she to Sulima. "What will Hussein Bey say to me now, for letting you go to the Valley of Sweet Waters in your new slippers, bought ready for the betrothal day? Allah! Mashallah! what is to be done?" and the misfortune was so great that even Sulima looked frightened and abashed, and found out for the first time in her life that she had done something that it would have been better not to have done.

Indulgent as her father was, there were times when he would burst out into terrible rages; and little Sulima did not quite like the idea of such a storm as that bursting out in the Harem; and certainly old Fatma did not like the idea of it at all. What could be done? Mulek and Fatma thought and re-thought, and talked and talked again, and scolded each other for what had happened, and could find no way of getting out of the scrape.

Little Sulima to be sure thought it was a clever suggestion of her own, when she proposed that on the betrothal day, she could hop into the room on one leg, and so make one slipper do; but that was not to be thought of, for they knew that on the contrary, her father expected her to dance a little sort of minuet in the middle of the floor, to the tinkle of a guitar and the rattle of a tambourine, when he shewed her off to her father-in-law. Allah!

Mashallah! what was to be done? All at once it occurred to Mulek that the slipper would certainly have been picked up in the Valley of Sweet Waters, and that nothing was more likely than that it would be taken by the finder to the shoe bazaar, and there sold, since it could not be of use to any one who should find it with two legs. This was certainly a very lucky thought, and the next morning early Mulek set off to the shoe bazaar, and going very cunningly to work, he went round to all the stalls, and inquired everywhere for a single crimson satin slipper, embroidered with pearls, which he wanted, he said, for a young lady who had the misfortune to possess only one leg.

Alas! no such slipper was to be found; and all the shop-people could do on hearing the strange demand, was to shrug their shoulders, and commending the poor young lady to Allah, go on smoking their pipes. "I might as well try to find a shoe of the Prophet himself," said Mulek; and he began to think that his case was hopeless, when all at once he was tapped on the shoulder, taken aside, and then told in a whisper that at the house of a certain Jew, who was in the habit of receiving lost articles, and who lived in the outskirts of Stamboul, there he would find such a slipper as the one he wanted. Joyfully did Mulek go to the house described, made his bargain with the Jew pawnbroker, and carry off the slipper, reckoning as nothing the piastres he had been made to pay for it out of his master's purse. All this was in fact a stroke of

good luck that Mulek had never reckoned on, and little Sulima put on the lost slipper with even yet greater delight than she had felt at first. But this time she did consent to take it off again, and have both the slippers carefully put away till the day of betrothal.

Mischief of greater magnitude than either Mulek or Fatma imagined was however brewing that day from the loss of the crimson slipper embroidered with pearls, and very soon the mischief came to light.

That same evening, as he was seated enjoying his evening pipe, (a very long one,) in a balcony overlooking the beautiful Bosphorus, then lighted up with the rosy hues of a setting sun, which not only crimsoned the waves, but cast a glow of red upon all the sails of the many thousand *caïques* or sailing boats that flitted about in the harbour of Constantinople, and just when very contemplative, or perhaps when rather sleepy with his pipe, it was announced to Hussein Bey that his friend and neighbour Achmet Bey, desired an interview of him. "In the name of the Prophet what *can* he want," said Hussein Bey to himself; but of course he allowed his attendants to admit him. After many bows and polite phrases, such as "May your shadow never be less," "May you live a thousand years," and such like, Achmet Bey was invited to sit down on the divan or couch, which went round the apartment; a carpet was spread on the floor before him, on which a tray was placed, holding cups of coffee

and a pipe of immeasurable length, all twisted into snake-like coils, with an amber mouth-piece, and a fine bowl of delicate china was placed in his hands.

Whiff! Whiff! Whiff!

"What has he come about," said Hussein Bey to himself, who knew that all the preliminaries of the marriage between Achmet Bey's son Selim and his daughter had long been settled, and the day fixed for the betrothal, and all the guests invited. "What can he want?" said he, or rather thought he, for a Turk seldom speaks his thoughts unless he cannot help.

Whiff! Whiff! Whiff!

Presently silence was broken by Achmet Bey. He spoke of the honour done him by the approaching alliance—of the high respect he entertained for Hussein Bey—of the charms he had no doubt that his daughter possessed—of the felicity which *might* have been the result of such an union for his son.

"By the hairs of my beard!" exclaimed Hussein Bey to himself, "he has come to break the marriage off! Allah! Mashallah! what can have happened?"

In a fever of impatience—if such a fever as that ever did attack a slow-minded Turk—Hussein Bey sat waiting till his friend Achmet Bey unfolded his meaning.

"He had thought he was choosing a fit wife for his son, and he had the greatest possible regard for his friend, but—Allah! Mashallah!—never had he intended that his son should marry a wife with

only one leg. It was a thing he had certainly never contemplated. To be sure, she would never have occasion to walk much when married to his son, but could lie on her cushions all day in the Harem, and ride out in her *araba*, and row about the Bosphorus in her *caïque;* but still his son would certainly like better to have a wife with two legs, like other people, and would never like to see her standing, whenever she did stand, on one leg like a stork or a crane in shallow water waiting for fish. No! he must confess he had been deceived. He had no idea but that the daughter of Hussein Bey, his friend, had possessed two legs, and he could not think of his son's wife having less."

Hussein Bey *did* open wide his eyes at this explanation, *did* throw aside his pipe, and *did* burst out into something like a rage. When was ever such a thing known? When had such a thing ever come to be reported of his little Sulima as that she had but one leg, and stood upon it like a stork or a crane? How could such a false and mischievous and scandalous a report ever reach the ears of Achmet Bey, his beloved friend and neighbour? etc., etc., and as he put these questions the very folds of his turban shook with his indignation and ire.

Achmet Bey soon explained, and the affair was as straightforward as possible. Mulek, the faithful servant of his friend Hussein Bey, had been seen and heard that very morning going about the shoe

bazaar, and enquiring at all the stalls for a single crimson satin slipper wanted for a young lady who had the misfortune to possess but one leg; and who, in the name of the Prophet, could this young lady be but the daughter of his friend? Mulek had even let fall the intelligence, that the slipper was wanted for the young lady on occasion of her bethrothal; in fact there could be no doubt whatever but that he.....

"That son of a dog, Mulek," exclaimed Hussein Bey, now in a still greater rage than ever. "May asses walk over his grave!" "May he eat dirt!" "He deserves to be put in a sack, and thrown into the Bosphorus;" and clapping his hands to summon an attendant, he sent at once for Mulek, the governor of his household, that he might come and explain the extraordinary circumstance.

Mulek appeared, and was not a little frightened and surprised when he saw the enraged condition of his master, and amid the storm of words that fell upon him, it was some time before he could discover what had happened, and of what he was accused.

Then prostrating himself before his master, beating his breast, and thumping his forehead, he had nothing left him but to tell the whole story of the lost slipper. Of the little Sulima's persisting, in spite of all opposition and remonstrance, in going in her new slippers to the Valley of Sweet Waters, of the shower of rain that had caused their hasty return, of his and Fatma's dismay at finding the

slipper gone, of his expedient to recover it, and, lastly, of his success; and then begging his master's permission to withdraw, he went away, and soon returned, bringing with him for the satisfaction of Achmet Bey, the pair of crimson slippers embroidered in gold and pearl, intended for the two little feet of Sulima on the betrothal day.

As Turks never laugh, the effect of this explanation was only to produce again that calm in the minds of the two Beys, which was their usual condition, and in a very little while the pipes were again resumed, and a cloud of smoke enveloped each turbaned head.

Whiff! Whiff! Whiff!

"It is very clear to me," at last said Achmet Bey, between his leisurely puffs, "that the daughter of my friend Hussein Bey....."

"Has two legs, by all that is;"—began Hussein Bey; but his companion, after one of his longest pauses, during which came several whiffs, added with a twinkle of his eye—"*Has a will of her own!*"

Nevertheless the betrothal took place the very next day.

THE END.

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